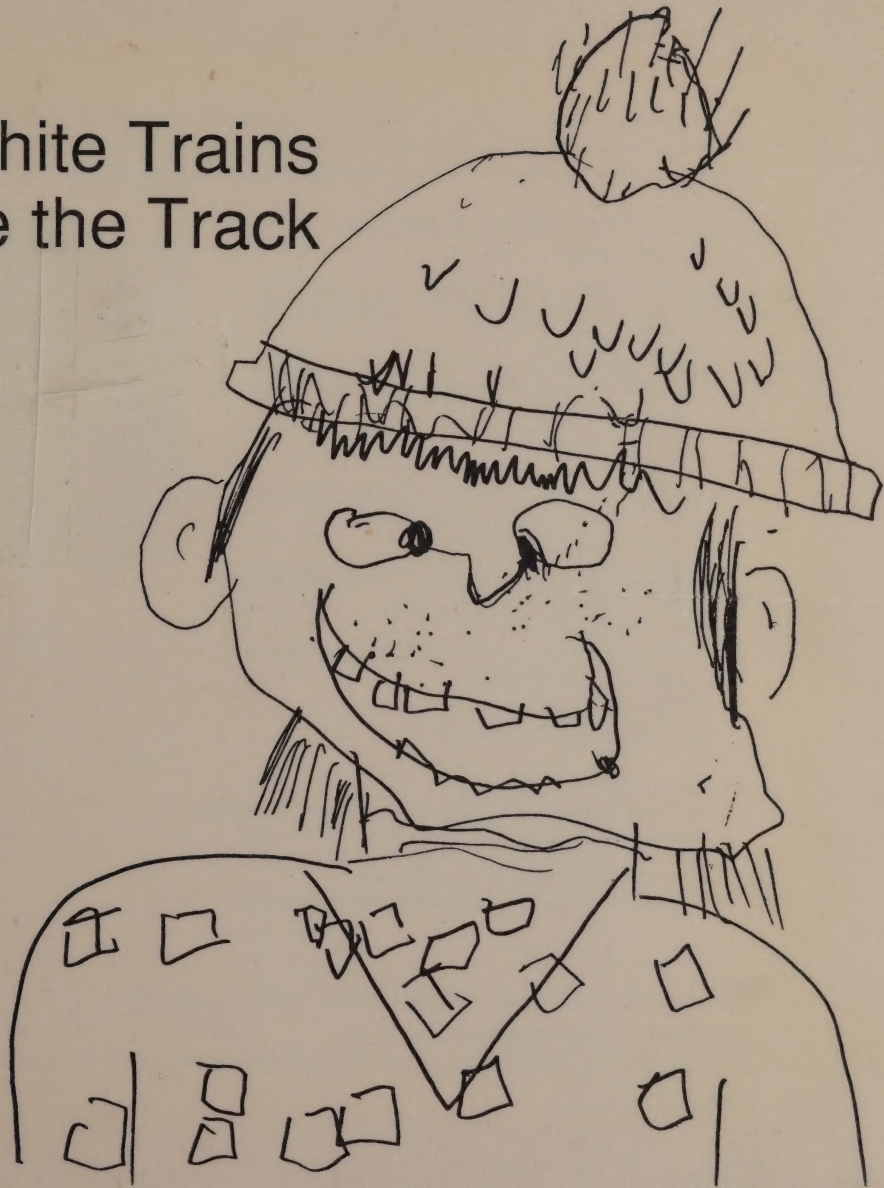


How White Trains Rumble the Track



This book is a project of the Montana Arts Council Artists in Schools/Communities program, supported by the participating schools, the Montana Arts Council, the Montana State Legislature and the National Endowment of the Arts.

Writers serving in the schools, 1985-86:

James Gurley
Linda Peavy
Ron Philip Pulcini
Michael Riley
David Romtvedt
Terri McFerrin Smith
Pamela Uschuk
Elizabeth Weber

For information about this book or the program, con

Julia A. Cook, Director of Artists Services
Artists in Schools/Communities
Montana Arts Council
35 South Last Chance Gulch
Helena, MT 59620
(406) 444-6430

This book was compiled by:

Michael Riley, co-editor
Ron Philip Pulcini, co-editor

Photographs and drawings:

front cover, Michael Sinclair, Sacajawea School, Great Falls
page 2, Jennifer Scott, Sacajawea School, Great Falls
page 36, Lindsey Oksness, Sacajawea School, Great Falls
page 42, group project, Cardwell School
page 64, Derek Crosier, Sacajawea School, Great Falls

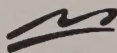
Copyright © by the Montana Arts Council, 1986

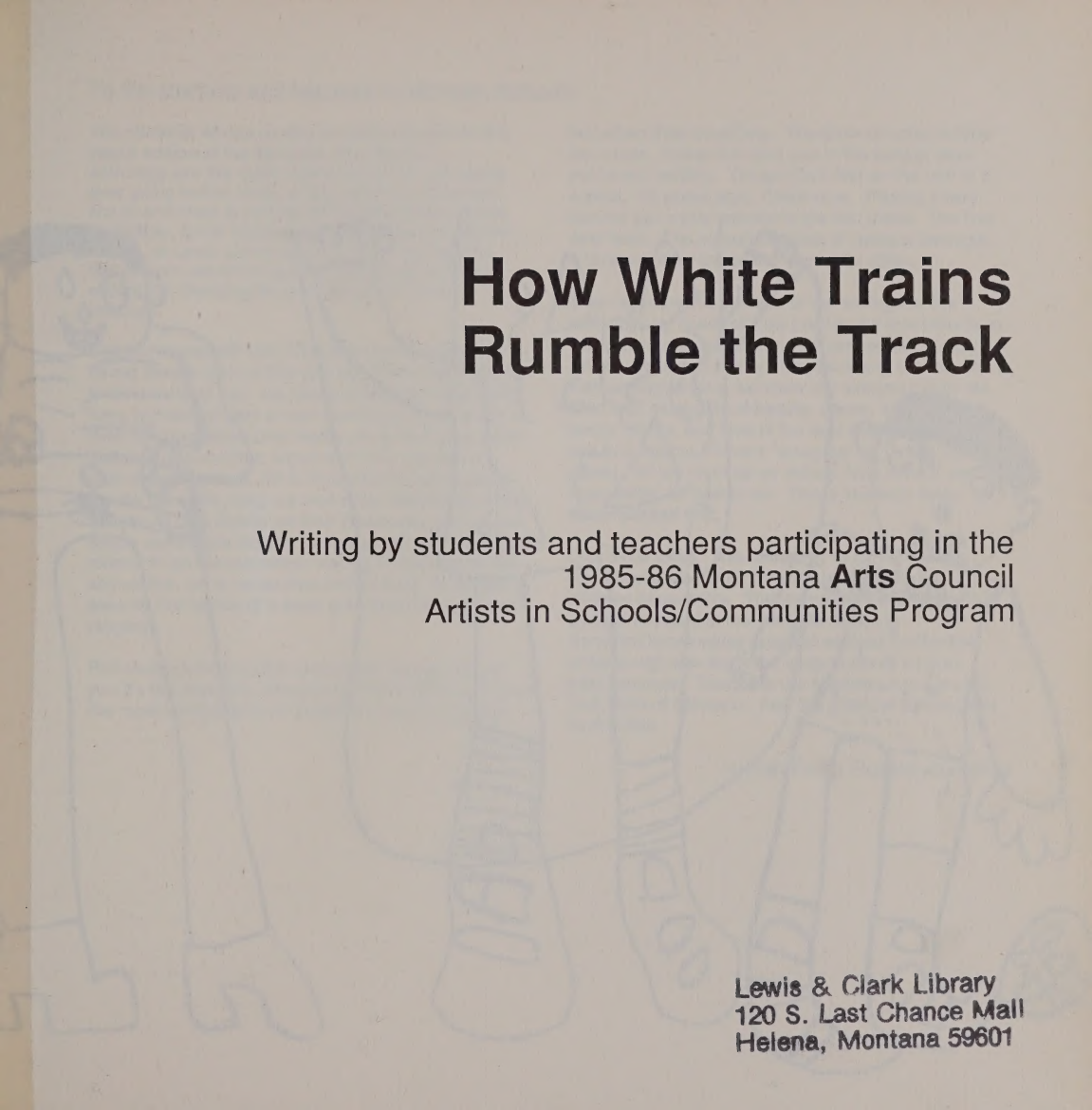
The title for this book is borrowed from

Dreaming—The White Train (page 70) by Dusty Sloan and Rowdy Snyder.



Lewis & Clark Library
120 S. Last Chance Gulch
Helena, MT 59601





How White Trains Rumble the Track

Writing by students and teachers participating in the
1985-86 Montana **Arts** Council
Artists in Schools/Communities Program

Lewis & Clark Library
120 S. Last Chance Mall
Helena, Montana 59601



To the students and teachers in Montana Schools:

The students whose poems or stories appear in this year's edition of the Montana Arts Council anthology are the most normal bunch of kids you're ever going to find (most of 'em are pretty nice, too). Not one of them is named Will Shakespeare, Honre de Balzac, Emily Dickinson, Anton Chekhov, Marcel Proust, or Louis L'Amour. And it's a likely bet that few of them are thinking seriously about becoming writers (or changing their names just to sound famous).

The works you will read here were put together by young people (one or two you may know well) who go to school every day, eat cafeteria food (joke about it), have homework they sometimes forget to do, laugh at their teachers when their backs are turned, play mean tricks on one another, argue with their parents or brothers and sisters, fall in love with the girl or boy across the room, sing out loud while listening to Ricky Scaggs or Dire Straits on their Walkmans (and sound simply awful), are too shy to dance, get up earlier than a rooster to do chores before waiting in the cold for the school bus, or, at some time in their lives, have had to pass by the casket of a dead grandparent to pay final respects.

Professional writers who are honest enough will tell you it's the everyday things in our lives which are often the most troublesome to describe: The way people

feel when they smell hay. The taste of butter brickle ice cream. Goats that butt you in the behind when you're not looking. Things you'll find on the roof of a school. All about pigs. Chalk dust. Playing a new clarinet you never wanted in the first place. The first deer hunt. The sometime terror of being a teenager. A broken doll. How to eat chocolate chips.

If we measure the success of the writings in this anthology by how well they portray our everyday lives, then you're about to read some very professionally written prose and poetry. Maybe one of the reasons is that, as Montanans, we know our everyday lives are filled with more gifts of beauty, peace, wholesome family values, and love of the land than most people see in a lifetime. What's "everyday" to us is a dream to others. All we must do as writers is be honest and most importantly, be ourselves. These students have accomplished that.

One more thing: This anthology is sort of like the "divisionals" and state "championships" for the athletes of our state. The young people and teachers who participated in the 1985-86 Artists in Schools/Communities program worked hard at the writer's craft and are to be congratulated for their performances. Thanks to the Montana Arts Council. The State of Montana. And the National Endowment for the Arts.

— Ron Philip Pulcini, co-editor

Tough As Barb Wire

The Scanlon

The trip on the Scanlon was an interesting one, to say the least. It left from Glasgow, Scotland, on April 28, 1894, carrying people from most northern European countries in pursuit of a common dream. While they were mostly Scottish sheep herders, stubborn Irish drunks, poor English farmers, Norwegian fishermen and Swedish loggers, there were a few oddball Germans and a Dane or two to make life on board somewhat of a struggle. The Scandinavians stuck together because they were outnumbered and no one offered them the time of day. The Scots would argue with the Englishmen, whenever they had a chance, sometimes resulting in a good fight. Everybody steered clear of the Micks, who always seemed to have a bottle and never said a complete sentence without adding a few vulgar words.

Nels was on board because he felt his life in Sweden was completed. He had been a logger most of his life and was looking to the future. Everybody around him had instilled a sort of lassitude in him - he needed to go out and explore. He had been thinking about America for quite some time, and finally, the day came when he realized that he just had to make a place for himself in the new world. So there he was, bound for America on a Scottish brig, eating ham and eggs everyday, for every meal. "Ham and eggs" were the only two words he knew in the English language. Nels couldn't believe it when he first saw New York! The closest he had come to experiencing anything of this magnitude was when he arrived in Glasgow. But here the buildings were enormous! The largest one must have been twenty-five stories high!

Unfortunately, his stay in New York was not as long as he would have liked because he had met a few fellow countrymen who told him about jobs in a place called Duluth, Minnesota. The man also said that the easiest way to get there was by train.

"Howdy!" said the ticket seller.

Nels stared at him for a moment or two, looked up at the incomprehensible ticket prices, and asked in Swedish, "Can I buy a ticket?"

The ticket seller looked at him for a moment and said, rather distastefully, "You're a foreigner, sure as the devil, but I'll be danged if I can tell which type, that is. Do you understand any English?" Then the ticket seller asked, "You want to buy a ticket or not?" holding up the ticket for Nels to see, and gesturing to him.

Nels nodded, and pulled out some Swedish money to offer to the man. "Duluth! he said.

The ticket seller looked at the money and said, "Swedish! Should've known. Okay, now we're making some progress here. I'll write you up for a ticket to Dulu... oops! I almost forgot to ask. How many you want?"

Nels gave him a confused look and said, "Ham and eggs."

The man laughed, picked up a second ticket, and gestured to an imaginary person next to Nels.

Nels finally understood and shook his head. He grabbed one ticket to make it clear that that was all he wanted. He pushed his money toward the man.

It was fortunate for Nels that the man was respectable and charged him for the actual price of the ticket. He had to give him about three-quarters of his money back.

The man pointed out the way to the train, and Nels was on his way. As the train pulled away from New York and the conductor punched his ticket, Nels got his last look at the big city out the window, then fell asleep.

Mike Berg
Bigfork High School

The Long, Sad Trip

We were right in the middle of our trip across the plains. It was early fall. I pulled a handcart the whole way. Every morning it seemed to get colder. There were five people in our group, my son and daughter, my husband, our close friend, Clara Bistute, and me.

One night Clara got sick. She was coughing and vomiting. We didn't know what was wrong. At night in the tent, I would sleep with her to keep her warm. Every day she got sicker.

About two weeks later she seemed to be getting better. She was up and about more than usual. But I still slept with her so she would not get cold.

One morning I got up and found Clara on the ground, stone cold. Her hair was frozen to the ground.

We had a funeral for her. Not fancy, though. The ground was too frozen to dig. So we just covered her with snow.

From then on, and some of the time before, it was a long, sad trip.

Kelley Robinson
Bigfork School

The Thundering Courtship

One night during a thunderstorm when my Great Grandfather was courting my Great Grandmother, they were returning from a dance in a horse drawn buggy.

My Great Grandfather had gas pains and he figured if he passed it when the thunder boomed, his date wouldn't notice.

He tried it once and it seemed to work. They drove on a little ways. The lightning struck pretty close this time and he passed gas again. My Great Grandfather said "Sure did strike close" and my Great Grandmother said, "Yeah, and from the smell of things it must have struck an outhouse."

Heather Ellison
Big Timber School

The Chattering Monster

His brother was sick from the poison ivy he had gotten into. He needed medical help and his parents had gotten the word to the nearest doctor who was on his way. His brother lay on his bed in silence.

He watched as his parents worried and his brother suffered. He wasn't sure of what it all meant, but he knew it wasn't good. Then a strange, unfamiliar noise came to his ears. He crept to the single, small window, and on his tiptoes, peered out to see a clattering machine following the road toward his house. Quickly he scampered into the back room of the house in fright. He was like the cows and the horses who ran as far away from the noisy, unknown thing.

He could hear the racket grow stronger, then stop suddenly. As he waited in the corner of the dimly lit room, his mind jumped with curiosity. He heard voices speaking about his brother's misfortune. There was one he didn't recognize though so he walked carefully over to the doorway and peeked out. The man whom his dad called doctor handed papa something from his bag and left.

The boy shyly stepped forward on the wood floor and jerked back when the disturbing noise came abruptly from outside again. "Don't worry," his dad told him, it is only one of those new contraptions that rolls on wheels by itself. He trusted the machines little, and kept his distance as this one came and went.

He was relieved it had gone. He then heard his father mumble something about the livestock being spooked for days. In disgust, he cursed the horseless carriage.

Clayton Jarrett
Big Timber School

32 Watts

The lights flickered off and on for about ten minutes before they finally gave out a steady stream of light. It wasn't much light, only thirty-two watts was all.

We were all so glad to be finally able to put all of our kerosene lamps into the cupboard.

It was a hot day in July when the men came to Golva. I was only seventeen, they came to hang the lines up on the poles.

It was nice to finally have electricity but after a while it got to be kind of a nuisance.

One night there was a big thunderstorm and the winds were blowing to what seemed to be about one hundred miles per hour. I had this feeling that something was going to go wrong with the electricity and I was right. The winds blew most of the lines down and the electricity went out. We had to get our kerosene lamps out of the cupboard again until they fixed the lines.

Amy
Wibaux Schools

Junior's Curiosity

It is the summer of 1980. My grandson, Junior, is here for the weekend. He is nine years old and kinda likes me to tell him stories. Many times he has overheard the adults talking about the Depression, but has never asked about it. His curiosity got the best of him; he just couldn't figure it out and here he is now asking me, "What was the Depression?"

My mind begins to wander back 50 years to that period of time. Since Junior is asking I decide I might have an interesting tale to tell of what happened to me. Besides, he is anxious to hear a story. I look him right in the eye.

The year was 1930, just after the beginning of the Great Depression. It was a very poor time for everyone. Try to imagine for a minute, Junior, how would you feel if you didn't have all the nice clean clothes to wear that you have now, or that you didn't have the food to eat that you do now, or that you didn't have the nice comfortable house to live in that you have now. I had no money to my name and nobody else had any money. I had dirty rags on my back, and worn out shoes. I had no food except for what scraps I could find in the garbage. Sometimes I'd go a week without food.

One day as I was wandering around searching for food I met a rather nice person named John. John had the same ragstyle clothes as I. He was just like me so I guess you might say I had found a friend and we got along very well.

We had no place to live, so we stayed under a railroad bridge to escape the rain and snow. We hunted for boards and anything else we could find to build something of a shack to keep the wind from our backs. Without the windbreak and a fire we could barely stay warm. Some nights we couldn't get a fire going, and had to cover up with newspaper.

Sometimes, we would share the chore of cooking. This one time, in particular, I had been scouting around for scraps of food and newspapers for our blankets, and I happened to notice a garden nearby so I managed to abscond a few potatoes as it was my turn to cook. After returning to our little camp, I got a pail of water from the creek, put it over the fire my friend had started, put the potatoes on to cook and went about my business. Needless to say, John didn't know I had gotten the potatoes and before I could stop him he had thrown his socks into the boiling water. We had to eat the potatoes even though the socks were washed in the same pot because that was all we had to eat.

Here I am so engrossed in my story telling and waiting for a laugh from Junior, that when I glance down, sure enough my story seems to have been too long -- he is sound asleep. I grinned and thought: Well young fella, tomorrow is another day.

David Royce
Absarokee High School

Toots

My full name is Frances Louise Tippie Herman Evenson. I was born September 14, 1915, north of Rudyard on my folk's homestead. It would be about two miles west of the main road on Little Sage Crick. My dad was a homesteader. Mom was from lola, Wisconsin. My mom's name was Bessie Matilda Larson. She and her husband, her first husband, came out here to homestead, came by train from lola and got off right here at Rudyard. They brought bag, baggage, and whatever. And they had five children at the time.

I was named Frances after my dad's sister. She was a business secretary many, many years ago in Olympia, Washington. She lived in an apartment, and the apartment caught fire. So she jumped out the window, and spent the remainder of her life in a wheelchair. She was probably about twenty-one when this happened.

Toots. Tootsie it was. My dad nicknamed me Tootsie, and as I got a little bit older, it got to be Toots. Tommy Wilson calls me Toots, yet. He's the only one that really does, and Jake Van Wechel. My dad was pretty good at nicknaming. And he also nicknamed Netes "Nina" and as she got older her nickname got to be Netes, but it stuck with her. Her name is Evelyn you know.

Jeffrey Pester
Blue Sky High School, Rudyard

My Grandma

My grandma is a friendly lady not like an old snappy turtle. Her face and hands are soft as just-made silk and her baggy skin looks like a coat that's a little bit too big. She likes to go out and walks for exercise and not to be caged like a lion. She is at church every Sunday like a church mouse. I love my grandma. She's my best friend.

Melanie Kindsfather
West School, Laurel

Sits in the Rocking Chair

"Alaska's mosquitoes were 4 feet long
but we got used to them."
He continues and I sit and listen.
Getting up to leave
He hits me with his cane.

I sit and listen
to his story all over again.

This story has not changed
Nor has he.
He is as bald, mean and ornery
as he was for Mom as a child.
He notices me dozing off.
Kicks me in the rear
and tells me he loves me.

Pat Brown
Dawson County High School, Glendive

My Grandpa

My grandpa is a funny character chewing tobacco sitting in his chair in his baggy old pants watching football as he's eating Doritos and drinking Cherry Coke and talking with his mouth full and choking so loud it'll shake the scales off a fish. He does this all Saturday.

Dusty Stoll
Fred W. Graff School, Laurel

My Great Grandma

My great grandma is a great person. She smells like potatoes. She likes to care for children. She once told me a poem. She loves everybody. I would like to see her again. She has a pet cat. It was like a fur ball. She also had a pet dog. It was like a pile of skin. She had a garden. She has potatoes and peas and pears and pickles and oranges and radishes and corn. She also has a pottery kettle. She also has a German flag. And she has oatmeal everyday. She also has one pickle everyday. And she NEVER has a cookie and she never has a doughnut. And she has a glass rose. She is 91. She has an army hat. I will try to be as great as her.

Andy Hall
Chester School

My grandmother is old and she sleeps. She gets happy when everyone comes to her birthday. In October she will be 102. She has baggy eyes. She smells like bread dough and her hands are wrinkled and she uses her hands to get out of bed and she walks sturdy. Why don't I?

Jeremy Webb
Chester School

Dream of a Cowboy

My Grandpa was a rugged homesteader.
He was a farmer and a cowboy.
He farmed till the plow was blunt.
He cowboeyed till the job was complete.
He farmed and cowboeyed for fifty years.

The government gave him his land.
He had toiled the land and run animals on the land.
His hands were dirty and blood vessels giant.
He loved and earned his land.
To this day yet he is as tough as a grizzly bear.

Jay Pribyl
Cascade School

My Dad

His face is scarred and scratched
He went away to Arizona
like a stampede of cattle.
He wears clothes when he works all
torn and shabby.
He treats me like a
doe treats a fawn.
He is as handsome as a
new car. He has this
habit of tapping his fingers
like beautiful
horses running.

Racheal Ronning
Manhattan School

Two Great Uncles

Standing up to greet me, Toad staggers.
From his ancient body, coarse hands
wrap around my modern hands.
His towering voice pushes
into my mind.
Behind oval glasses
and OSH KOSH BIGOSH overalls,
he praises my long return.
Whether it's three months
or three days, three minutes, he knows.

Pulling me toward him
with his blue eyes, Gus sits
most of the time because his body
has been through every bar
and saloon from Tiajuana to Minneapolis.
His working legs have done their time.

Voices of experience,
stories they weave
are tough as barb wire
that fences their land.
I sit just to catch
their history, more awed
than by any I learned in school --
my past. Irish, Dutch --
the hard-working souls of brothers
loving all the land
they've ever seeded or plowed.

I'm revived after every visit
to these brothers, their fighting desire
still alive.
Toad and Gus, the two names
fit like dovetailed rails
notched in a corral.
What a chime their names
ring in my mind,
hard souls, ancient hearts
that are mine.

Tony Gaffke
Bozeman High School

My Mom

My mom
is like
a galloping
horse when
she talks
on the
phone. She
is busy
as a
bee. She
loves me
and I
love her.
She works
in the
day and
gossips in
the night.
Mom walks
like a
speeding bullet
and she
smells like
wildflowers
blooming in
the meadow.
She is
small like
a mouse. Her
hair is
like curly
noodles.

Charlene Wallace
Denton School

Him

As he whispers to me like soft wind
whirring through a cottonwood,
like an old farm house,
like a cat purring,
like a squeak of an old rocking chair
he says, good night.

anonymous
E.F. Duvall Middle School, Deer Lodge

My Dad

We live
This distance separates our hearts.
I'd like to know him better.
But all I can do is write a letter.
I've visited him before, but all we did was fight,
I think we both wanted everything to be just right.
I know we'd get along,
if we ever had the chance.
I hope that someday we will.

And I

miles apart

Kelly Weaver

...why

Your Dream Ranch

Your dream Ranch has 2 thousand head of cattle. It also has 300 horses for the ranchhands and yourself to ride. In the summer when you herd the cattle to market and come home at night you get to go swimming with your 100 dogs and ranchhands. You play games, have contests, and just have fun. When you're done you get on your horses and ride back. When you get back you all have a steak dinner. Then you're all tired out and go to your king sized waterbeds.

Joy Riley
East Side School, Livingston

I Had a Dream

One day I saw a hole. In it was water going SWISH, SWISH. While I was looking in the hole I dropped my mittens. I was so worried about my mittens that I fell in. Then I woke up. I was safe in bed. When I went to check my mittens they were both there. They weren't even damp.

Dani Larson
Chester School

You are running up the street
into a house full of spiders
and bloated corpses crawling with maggots
spiders in the walls
and on the ceilings
You try to run but you can't
then you run back down the street
and onto the highway
You are the only person around
then a truck comes roaring down the road
You yell and try to run
but you can't
You fall down
The truck runs over your head
You are not dead but just lying there
with your head crushed
You are hungry and want to eat
You can't move
You can't talk
and a dog comes
and pisses on your head
then he takes your arm off
and he eats it
You wish you were a dog

Brian Jones
Poplar Schools

I used to dream that I was a cow and I was sick and I wouldn't eat any grain and I didn't have any milk for my calf and the farmer gave me a shot and I moored.

David Hull
Chester School

The Dream I Had Last Night

Last night I dremt I dript a drap of drinking sider
Danielle dumpt a drinking dusk of drinking
pouder on my desk Danielle the ding dong dink
does everything wrong pour dum Danielle the
dummy does everything wrong. I dremt I dumpt
a drowling dish of dummy ding dong pouder on
my lap. Then I turned into a dummy and I did the
same thing Danielle did because now I'm dum
too. Aloha. The End

Kalena Kawaiiani Kealoha
Chester School

Your Good Dream

You are the smallest kid in your class. You want
to get Ben back for playing basketball on your
head. Your mom says drink milk but you hate
milk. You taste milk and you are now ten and a
half feet tall. Instead of playing basketball on
Ben's head you play basketball with Ben.

Ben Allen
Loy School, Great Falls

How Antelope Got Their Horns

Antelope got their horns from Inktome. One day he
got in a fight with Inktome. Inktome got a hammer and
hit him on the head twice. The lumps just kept
growing. When they got big, Inktome cast a spell on
the antelope so the horns would stay that way.

Jason Richeson
Outlook School

How the Porcupine Got his Quills

The hyena got a new bow and arrow for his birthday.
He couldn't find a target so he used a porcu.
Porcupines were called porcus. He was shooting the
porcu. After he was done the porcu had a lot of pine
needles. That's what they used for arrows. That's how
a porcupine got his name and so many quills.

Aaron Tracey
Carter School

Turtle's Shell

One day a green turtle was dredging along a path near
a stream and there was an open clam so the turtle
thought it was a bed so he climbed in it and fell asleep.
When he woke up it was all dark and he did not know
where he was then all of a sudden the clam opened
then he closed again. Then the turtle ate all the clam
meat and walked away with the top half of the clam's
shell on his back and the shell grew on and that's how
the turtle got its shell.

Gene Rippley
Outlook School

How a White-Tail Deer Got Its Tail

Once a long time ago, the spirit King of the Dryads went along through the forest to hear all the animals problems. When he got to the center of the forest, he heard the scream of a deer. He went towards the scream, and he found the deer running through the trees with a hunter after him. Soon, the hunter had started shooting wildly and hurting other forest animals. The spirit King of the Dryads was very angry and appeared before the hunter in the form of a demon. He told the hunter to leave the forest. He stopped the deer and told him the hunter had gone. The deer said he wanted something to warn him and others of danger. The spirit King of the Dryads said the deer would have to give up one thing for the other. The deer said he would give up his voice for some sort of flag. The spirit King of the Dryads took away the deer's voice and turned it's tail into a long piece of white fur. So that's how the deer became a white tail deer.

Marty Odden
Highwood School

Why We Have Chewing Tobacco

When the first man chewed tobacco it was the year 1100.

There was a man named Ivan who was starving.

He picked three kinds of plants. They made him sick.

He found a plant that tasted good. It did not make him sick but it made him spit.

There was a great fire in the forest. The man gave the plant to the people. It made the people spit. There was no more fire.

So that is how there is tobacco.

Jay Smith
Ulm School

Why People Don't Have Tails

Long ago all had tails.

They were very useful for hitting or carrying things.

Only two people were alive at one time so there would not be fights.

There was always a boy and a girl so there would always be another two.

One day the boy and girl began to fight.

They pulled each other's tails off.

There have not been tails on people since.

And, for punishment, the people began to multiply, causing the problems of today.

Jamie Kinney
Granville Stuart School, Deer Lodge

The Magic TV

Once upon a time a boy named Gene Chase Crain had a magic TV. You could go in the TV and steal riches from the past. So when the clock struck twelve, a robber named Shane Buck tried to steal the TV, but Gene had heard a noise and went after him, but somehow Gene went back into his own room and broke the TV, so Shane Buck was left in Rome to be killed. They killed Shane Buck by throwing him into a lion pit.

Tyler Bucklin
Outlook School

The Killing Machine

I was in a science room. A man had shut the gate on me. I was locked in. I heard some men rolling my dad in acid. I ran down the stairs. It was a long way. I got to the bottom. There was a monster, a chair and my big brother. The chair said 1 volt of electricity, then two volts, three volts all the way to fifty volts. My brother was forced in the chair, and it went up to fifty volts. His skin melted off. It looked gruesome. Then his skeleton and teeth and hair and clothes started on fire. All that was left was his heart and eyes. I screamed. He was dead. Would I be next?

Brandon
Chester School

The Ghost Town

There is a town almost eighty miles west of us. Half of it's gone. I always look at it when I pass it.

I see fog and more fog. I hear chains when I pass through the town. I collect a lot of stuff like spoons, bones, old desks and stuff like that.

I was passing through the Bar. I heard someone calling my name. I said, "What do you want from me?" He said, "I want to know why do you collect our things." I said, "I have an interest in them." And with that he floated away into the fog.

I ran to find him but I wandered into the school. I was going into the second grade room. I heard another ghost call me. I said, "What do you want of me?" He said, "I ask of you why do you collect our things?" And right then all the ghosts in that half of the town came and made a circle around me. I ran and ran. I got home but I saw them in my dream that night.

Bo Dean Woods
Chester School

Magical Victory

There was once a terrible boxer, he was so bad that he couldn't even hit the ground with his gloves. But he thought he was great, very great, in fact. Winifred believed he was so great that he challenged the champion. So you see this guy is overly cocky.

Now he had a problem. The champ wasn't any ordinary boxer. Despite being extra large he was also mean and tough. Well, then if that doesn't scare ya he also boasted a 93-0 record. He was feared by all.

Well the night of the big fight arrived, which probably wasn't going to be much of a fight. Horatio, the cocky boxer's trainer was extremely worried, "Winny," he said, "He's going to mutilate you, you're not ready for this fight and never will be."

Winny replied, "I'm not afraid of that pip-squeak."

Then the fight began and after 3 seconds Winifred was flat on the canvas. Winny was a high spirited little guy and he popped right back up. BLAM and once again he hit the deck. Like I said he was a high spirited little guy but stupid. Little Winny wound up and threw a punch and hit the champ in his massive chest and his muscles ripped the boxing gloves right open. Just then the bell rang.

Winifred staggered back to his corner and said "That guy's a whimp."

Then his trainer replied, "Just take a look at your gloves. They're ruined. What'll we do?"

It must have been fate because just then a little funny looking guy came to Winifred's corner and gave him a brand spanking new pair of boxing gloves and then just flat disappeared.

The bell rang again and Winifred with his new gloves was ready. The champ was ready also and he looked mean. Strangely enough he went out of his corner swinging and he really packed a wallup and the champ went down, but he got back up and was fuming mad. He tried to throw a punch but was swinging at the air. Then like poetry in motion, cocky, whimpy Winny started to fly; while champ was sucking in the air swinging at nothing, all of a sudden Winifred struck like lightning and delivered a devastating punch that knocked the champ out. Winifred was as surprised as everyone but didn't show it. He walked around taunting, "I'm number one, I'm the greatest."

Well from then on Winifred Johnston Jr. II was a happy camper.

Then one day he saw that same strange little man and, well, the rest is history.

Erik Iverson
Chester School

The Talkative Boy

One day in a little town called Chester there were seventeen kids at recess and they were talking about the big test they had the next day. Everyone was worried because they knew Brock would start to talk during the test and they couldn't concentrate during all the noise. Brock said he wouldn't but everyone knew that he would because he talks twenty-four hours a day.

Tia said, "We should get him sick some how."

Daniel said, "We should torture him."

Erin said, "We should tape his mouth shut with duct tape."

Lucas said, "We should throw things at him until he stops talking."

Josh said, "No that's too nice. We have to do something real bad."

"Like what?" asked Tanya.

Christie said, "Maybe we can do something so when Brock starts trying to talk nothing will come out."

Rikki said, "Hey, I know. We can go to this magician and maybe we can get his magic wand."

Everybody thought that was a good idea.

Angela asked, "Where does this magician live?"

Rikki said, "He lives by my house."

Shane said, "Well we better hurry. We don't have that much time."

At the magician's house the sixteen kids were all sitting down at a table.

The magician said, "What may I do for you?"

Jaci said, "We would like to borrow your magic wand."

The magician said, "I guess you can use it but be careful because you have to say magic words to make it work."

"What are the magic words," asked Dani.

"The magic words are Hoccas, Poccas, Allegasam. Then you have to say what you want to be done." said the magician.

Amanda said, "We better get going because it's almost our bedtime."

The kids all went home and Hapi took the wand home.

The next day was the day that they had their test. The kids all met at their room when Brock wasn't around.

Kelci asked, "Who is going to zap Brock?"

"I will" said Brandon.

The time came when Brandon had to zap Brock.

Brandon said, "Hocass, Pocass, Alegasam, make Brock stop talking during the exam."

Suddenly a big burst of smoke came around Brock. Brock tried to say something but nothing came out.

Everyone yelled, "Yeh!"

After school we all talked about the test. Everybody thought that they got all A's.

Dani said, "Why don't we put Brock back to his talkative self."

Everyone said that we should, so we did and we lived happily ever after.

Jenny Wickum
Chester School

The Great Adventure

Back in the year 3,333 A.D., when I was 1,347 years old, I lived in a space station with Heather Locklear, and I got the idea to invent a machine to produce black holes. I thought it would be a great way to rid myself of unwanted and disliked people.

When I started to construct this contraption I had a hard time finding parts, but then I found an ad in the Intergalactical Informer, the newspaper, that read, "Need scrap metal or parts to the Flying Fiero's? If you do come to Used Space Car Parts, Inc."

I dropped the paper, cruised over there and picked out all the parts I needed and flew home.

Then I pieced it together in my shop with the techniques a computer technician would envy.

After it was finished, I pushed the blue button and looked outside. I didn't see anything for about 15 monatries, then all of a sudden I was twirling and spinning. Then I realized I was getting sucked up.

Quickly, I pushed the red button and screamed, "Beam me back you #!%Q! machine or I'll dismantle you!"

Next thing I knew I was sitting on the couch with Heather drinking Moon Juice. "Did I just appear here or did I walk in here?" I asked inquisitively.

She replied with a shaky voice, "You got zapped in here by something." I reassured her I was fine and soon everything was "moony."

The next day I made a few changes and improvements, even a device that prevented me from being shrunk, turned blue, or anything else.

Then I aimed at the school where one of my worst enemies worked, and pushed the blue button and waited for 15 monatries and then the school was gone.

Right then and there I figured it worked so I called Heather and asked her, "How would you like to go with me to a place where there's nobody else living there for about 7 or 800 light-years?"

"Sure," was the reply, so I pushed the blue button and waited for 15 monatries, and then we were sitting on a rock and Heather asked, "Doesn't it need a little remodeling?"

I guess," I said, and then settled down for a nap.

So we lived happily for 700 light-years until yesterday; the day we returned.

A. J. Stone
Chester School

A Few Days in the Life of Bink the Unsmiling

Once upon a time in a far away land called Mirth where everyone was merry, there lived a man named Bink. It was an overall happy place with all sorts of laughing creatures, but it had one drawback. Everyone had to get up at 6:00 a.m. every morning and laugh at precisely the same time else darkness would cover the land for all eternity. Everything had worked out beautifully for years until that one Saturday morning. It all started when Bink accidentally slept in.

What was really strange about this is that no one could explain why Bink slept in. No one ever knew. Some called it fate, others said it was the-morning-after-the-night-before syndrom. A few credited it to Bink now being brought up like a normal child. I mean he actually got to laugh during dinner, and no one laughs during dinner.

The real problem with Bink sleeping in was that Bink couldn't laugh afterward. People tried everything to get him to laugh. They tickled him, made funny faces, got their jokebooks out, but he just wouldn't laugh. Darkness would end if on the next full moon (which was just 3 short days away) all the people laughed precisely at 6:00 a.m. and also at midnight. It had to be the next full moon though. If they skipped it darkness would encompass the Land of Mirth for all eternity. Their only hope was the truthsayer that had just come to town.

Simon, the truthsayer, was at the local inn when darkness was everywhere. Uh Oh! Someone forgot to laugh. He knew then and there that he had to help. He ran out of the inn and down the street when he bumped into a pretty young lass. She knew him to be the truthsayer for she had seen him upon entering the village. They introduced themselves and Simon discovered that this pretty young lass was Jolly, Bink's main squeeze. They chatted for a few moments, enough for Simon to learn all of the details of Bink's situation and to think of what to do about it.

The next day when Bink awoke (which was very much later than 6:00 a.m.) he found Jolly and Simon sitting in his bedroom watching him. They motioned him to follow them. They brought him everywhere. They tried laughing gas and laughing pills. Animal jokes, racial jokes, dead baby jokes, and dirty jokes. No good. He just couldn't laugh. They were exhausted after that long day.

The following day they took Bink to every funny movie and every play available. He just wouldn't laugh. They even strapped him to a tube and tickled him for hours. It didn't work and they only had one day left to get Bink to laugh.

On the third and last day there wasn't a lot of hope left. Everyone had tried everything they could think of and nothing had worked. Everyone was kind of depressed just because they were to live in total darkness to wait for a slow, but sure death. Meanwhile back at the ranch Bink, Jolly and Simon were sitting around a campfire talking about life in general when Bink looked at Jolly who was very depressed by now for it was nearing midnight.

"Gee, Jolly, you aren't very jolly tonight," Bink whispered. He sat pondering that statement when he burst out laughing. Simon and Jolly couldn't believe it. It wasn't even funny, but Bink was clearly amused with himself. Bink laughed passed midnight until the next morning when at 6:00 a.m....

HA HA HA HEE HEE HEE HO HO HO

Light spread ;throughout the Land of Mirth forever.
"Sometimes life is so simple that it's not even funny."

Julie Thorndal
Great Falls High School

The Invisible Me

It was a normal day that Monday. You know, breakfast, "Bye mom", then off to school. I thought it was going to stay that way until I got home. I called out "Hi mom, I'm home." Then ran into my room to start my homework. I was opening my math book when I heard someone call "Help!" I dropped my math book and tried to find where the cry came from. I looked into my closet and found a little green guy with my socks on his hands and my underwear on his head. I just stood there with my mouth wide open. He said "If you can help me I'll grant you 1 wish." I looked him over and found that he had my sister's panties and my mom's bra on. I wondered what was wrong with that. Then I looked at his toe and found that he had got stuck in the mouse trap that I set out. I took it off and wished that I could become invisible. He disappeared and left me without my wish, or so I thought.

The next morning I woke up, got out of bed and yelled. I couldn't see myself. For a few minutes I thought of all the bad things that could happened. But then I realized a whole lot of fun things I could do. I walked over to my dresser and found a note that said: "You must use your power for good or else you could hurt someone," signed the little green man with the panties and the bra. I paid no attention to this letter and went to school. My mom or dad didn't know about this because they go to work before I wake up every morning. That morning at school mine and two other classes had to go and meet in the gym. The teacher assumed I was absent since no one could see me. A few people from each class had to get up on stage and make a speech on how to improve our school. "Boy, would that be a hard job," I thought to myself. First was Jonny Jones. I figured I'd do something nasty to him because I didn't like him very much. I gave it some thought. After a few minutes of thinking to myself, I walked over to Jonny and very slowly but surely pulled his pants off and hid them in the Janitor's office. After everyone had settled down and were on their way back to their home rooms I decided to do one more, sort of,

drastic thing. While my reading teacher Mrs. Whyte was taking her homeroom back to their classroom this is what I did: I snuck up behind her, jumped up in the air, grabbed her wig, and threw it out the window. She screamed, and then ran all the way down the street chasing it. Boy, oh Boy, you should of heard all my friends laughing and laughing. After everyone had finished laughing they seemed as though they were shocked, because they had no explanation of how these things were happening. Believe me, Mrs. Whyte was shocked. But after some time and thought people started thinking up logical ways in which these things could have happened. I didn't do much more that day because I didn't want to hurt or scare anymore of my friends. But one thing I did do was go into the girls bathroom at noon. I didn't see anything, anything worth seeing that is. That day on the way home from school I felt something hit me in the head. I put my hand and felt something gooey. I looked at my hand, which I couldn't see and found that it was bird mess. I ran home, got all washed up and looked at myself. "I can see myself!" I yelled then I walked over to my dresser and found a note that said: You didn't use your power right so I had to take it back, signed, the little green man with the panties and bra. I said to myself I knew I should have paid attention to the first note, but shucks it was good while it lasted." Then I heard someone come in the front door. It was my mom. I ran downstairs and said "Mom you won't believe what kind of day I had."

Reggie Reid
Loy School, Great Falls

Fireworks Cycle Poem

Fireworks exploding are like the sun's fiery touch
The sun's fiery touch is like a hot shower on your back
A hot shower on your back is like rocks clacking
together to make sparks
Rocks clacking together making sparks tastes like the
hot breath of a general
The hot breath of a general smells like fireworks
exploding

Pax Routson
Lockwood Intermediate, Billings

Inside a Rock

Inside a rock
are diamonds sparkling
Inside a rock
is a steam boat
Inside a rock
is a wall of paint
Inside a rock
is a black cloud
Inside a rock
is a land of horses
Inside a rock
is a big waterfall
Inside a rock
is a big huge rainbow
Inside a rock
is a stream of fish

Kasey Krum
West School, Laurel

- 1 White is like the computer printer.
- 2 White is like bird cantando la guitarra.
- 3 White is like cold fluffy snow.
- 4 White is like the White House where important people are.
- 5 White is like the albumen of an egg.
- 6 White is like las palomas.

Juan Moncayo
Loy School, Great Falls

Ode to My Skateboard

My dad got me a skateboard, a big red and black skateboard. It's like a surf board on wheels. I bring it to school. The principal, like an executioner, tells me I can't bring it to school. Skateboard becomes furious and upset. Now I say to skateboard, "Don't be upset. I'll take you to the campus in Bozeman so we can fly." "Woosh," says skateboard. "I'm having fun, like a bird we fly. Crunch Crunch like a bulldozer we go over some grayish rocks." Skateboard and I stop at some big man. He says, "I'll give you anything for that boy." The skateboard, like a very big man, says, "No, he's mine, can't you see without this boy I couldn't go anywhere?" So I think we'll go, like a car we scream. Like a boat we float over the wavy sidewalk. Clik Clik Clik. The skateboard says, "It's getting late. We better go." So off the curb we fly like a bird. Soon skateboard and I are home. Skateboard goes to his bed as I lay on the porch.

Brian Belderrain
East Side School, Livingston

Sun Poem

The sun is like a shining lake
A shining lake is like a tin can

reflecting light

A tin can reflecting light is like
horses hooves pounding on the ground
Horses hooves pounding on the ground is
like a sky scraper window shining to the
ground
A shining sky scrapers window shining to
the ground is like the sun.

Tim Wagner
West School, Laurel

Rough and Smooth and
Oval with
Cracks. They are hard to
Kick and
Some are worth Money.

Justin Scheer
Valley View School, Great Falls

An Ode to My Gun

As my father gave it to me my heart beat like a
cannon in the night. For I shall go on the hunt
and I shall shoot the fox that is as gray as the
mountains in the fog and when I fire, it will ring for
miles. The fur will be a coat as warm as a stove.

Sam Meeks
B.A. Winans School, Livingston

Marshmallow Bed

I wish I had a soft gooey bed of marshmallow. Wouldn't
it be a delight to wake up in the morning and have a
light snack of headboard and springs? You could have
contests in your bedroom by having friends guess how
many marshmallows were in your bed. You would have
to have at least four air conditioners however so your
fluffy bed wouldn't melt in summer's hot heat. With a
marshmallow bed of your own you wouldn't get in
trouble from jumping on the bed. Sleepovers would
be a problem, especially if a fat person was spending
the night and you woke up on the floor without a bed.

Camille Carey
Washington School, Miles City

Wind is like my sister's mouth
my sister's mouth is like a motor
a motor runs a car along
a car is like a fighter of the wind

Chad
Valley View School, Great Falls

Sometimes I wish I owned New York City.
Because then I could paint all the fellows shades of
bright yellows, maybe I could even paint New York the
color of hay instead of dull old gray.

Jennifer
Cascade School

7 Magic Doors

Behind the first door I saw a
man driving his car on the wall.
Behind the second door I saw
a mouse chasing a cat and
the cat chasing a dog
Behind the third door I saw
the Great Great Ape brushing
his teeth.

Behind the fourth door I saw
President Reagan with a mohawk.
Behind the fifth door I saw a
man that was talking like a dog.
Behind the sixth door I saw a
snake that had feet.
Behind the seventh door
I saw a rope that went
up in to the sky.

Chris
West School, Laurel



James Gurley

Pigs, Fleas, Ferrets & Jellyfish

I think a snake rattle is like footsteps going upstairs
in the middle of the night.

Kelci Kulpas
Chester School

I hate pigs.
They really really stink.
They make squeaky noises.
They are very short and fat.
You get a lot of meat off of pigs.
They run like little stouty people.
They like to roll around in mud.
Pigs are very ugly people.
They are almost the worst thing in life.
They feel like grease.
They smell like the sewer.
They look like pink mud puddles.
They sound so squeaky they could make you deaf.

Melissa Wilson
Chester School

5 Ways to Make a Grizzly Run

1. Pretend you're another male grizzly and chase it.
2. Dress up as a female grizzly and run away from it.
3. Threaten to shoot him with a bazooka.
4. Take a cart of fish and wheel it by his cave.
5. Chase it into Montana State University territory.

Marty Odden
Sun River School

Flea

I wish I were a flea
then I could fit through almost anything
I could fit through presents and see
what I got
I could see other club's plans
I could be in a flea circus
and be their main attraction
and I could eat through crab apples

Brian Peter
West School, Laurel

5 Ways to Get a Dog

- 1 You could beg
- 2 or promise to clean your room for a week
- 3 or wait till your birthday
- 4 or save your allowance
- 5 if all else fails you could ask grandma. And if she says no, you could pray that one jumps in your car at the grocery store.

Mick Hughes.
Highwood School

Six Ways to Catch a Horse

- 1 Jump on a cow with a lasso at your side, ride out into the pasture and lasso the horse.
- 2 dress up as another horse and go out into the pasture and try to make friends with him
- 3 persuade him to come to you by using oats or hay.
- 4 run up from the back of him and jump on him and pray that he doesn't buck
- 5 pay
him
to
let
you

catch
the
begger

- 6 if all else fails shoot the good for nothing, fat bellied animal

Casey McGowan
Highwood School

Montana Menagerie Dream of the Ferret

You are a ferret
Looking for food.
Hungry and scared.
Out for blood.

It's time to find
A home of your own.
With food near by.
And shelter to keep you warm.

Life is hard.
All by your self.
Surviving all alone.
With no-one around.

Your fur is thick.
Your claws, razor sharp.
Your mind like a computer.
Processing information in a split second.

You must keep your mind clear,
Open to all danger,
Or else you will die,
In the white man's trap!

Eric Askelund
Fort Shaw-Simms School

Parrots are Different Colors

Once long ago there was a plain
red bird
as red as a stripe on the
American flag.
The black in this bird's eyes
looked sad and dull.
Then one day he was flying
high in the sky
and an eagle asked him
why he was so sad.
The red bird replied:
I am so plain and look
so dull
I need something to cheer
me up and make me colorful
I know just what you need, said the eagle,
follow me
So off they went
When they got there
the eagle told the dull
red bird to fly through it,
It was a rainbow
and that's how parrots
got to be different colors.

Marcy Fenno
Manhattan School

Wild Jelly Fish

A Jelly Fish is a
fish that will sting you.
And I'm sure it hurts like
Crazy like a bee if it stung
you. In my mind it tastes like
Jelly and smells like Jelly too.
I wish it could sing so I can see
how it sounds. I think his legs are
like string Or
like a long
stem on a
flower in the
ground or on
a bush by a
house in the
city or country.
I saw a
Jelly Fish before
it was laying
on the beach
when I was there.

Dora Old Elk
Lockwood Intermediate, Billings

Ode to an Ostrich

Your singing sounds like
a rooster waking someone up
in the morning in the front
seat of a car.
Your feathers are tight on
your body like someone
with clothes that are too small
You have legs like
a giraffe's neck that stretched out
of a sunroof in a car

Mandy
Lockwood Intermediate, Billings

Tasmanian Devil

He goes around like a drill bit
on a Black-n-Decker Drill

He doesn't have to worry about
fleas because they all fly off
while he cuts through trees

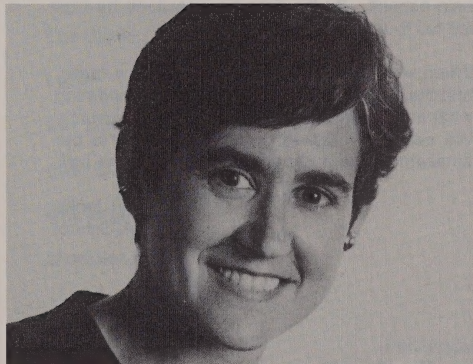
I'm sure Black-n-Decker would
lend him a job as a power drill!
A true energy saver!

Robert Sloan
Fred W. Graff School, Laurel

Jaguar

I wish I was a jaguar
so I could run through the jungle
on a moonlit night. No one could
stop me.
My fur would be as smooth as black silk
and as shiny as diamonds
on a sunny day. The thump
of my feet would sound like
the heartbeat of a wrestler.
Then I would get my prey
and have my supper on the meat
of a chimpanzee which was once
swinging through the unemotional trees,
until now. Then I would go back
to my den and stay there
all day until night comes again.

Brian Fransen
Fred W. Graff School, Laurel



Elizabeth Weber

The Horse That Came To Dinner

Hi, my name is Fred and I have some story to tell!
It all happened when my dad bought us a new horse. This horse was unusually smart. He would always open the latch to his stall and get out. The horse's most famous stunt happened one Sunday when we had the missionaries over for dinner. We had cooked everything, set the table, put all the food on except the meat and the vegetables. We put a table cloth over the table to cover the food and went to pick them up. While we were gone the horse decided to come and check out the house. He got out of his stall opened the door and came in. The aroma of the tender turkey laying in the wood burning stove brought him directly to the kitchen. When he got there the table got his attention. He decided to help himself. By the time he was done he was too full to eat any thing else.

When we came home the kitchen was a mess, and the food was gone. We were all wondering what happened when we heard a noise upstairs. We cautiously looked up the stairs and to our amazement the guilty party was stuck in the hall.

Heather Janke
Bigfork School

Poem Which I would Prefer Not to Title, Due to the Assignment Am Forced to Include One

In the towering sunlit canopy of the trees,
tiny birds twitter
hopping from limb to limb,
their conversation punctuated
by the Morse code of an unseen woodpecker.
Sunlight filtered by leaves
forms puddles of yellow
on a strip of cold dark soil
winding off into the distance.

Chris Ward
Bozeman High School

Tom

I loved it
when you purred so loud.
I loved it
when you licked me.
I loved it
when you rubbed against my leg.
Oh, Tom, why?

Carlene Cobell
Lincoln School, Great Falls

Bertha

"Yow," I screamed as I went flying through the air. I'm gonna get that dumb goat for ... just as I was thinking this, I landed in the hog waller. I sat there too stunned to move, shaking my head trying to regain my senses. As I was shaking my head, I felt a pair of eyes looking right at me. I had landed extremely close to a piglet and could see a 400 lb. sow glaring at me from the other side of the pen. She was watching my every move, getting ready to pounce on me and plow me over. I quickly decided I should get out of there ... and fast! I didn't want to be squashed flat by a 400 lb. pig!

As I was walking to the hay loft, I tripped over a rock and fell flat on my buns. It was then I remembered having to do something about that goat: why was she always butting me?

The next day, I made certain that I gave the goat enough and the right kind of food. I also checked to see that she had enough water. And I even made a nice warm bed of hay for her to sleep on. As soon as supper was through, and I went out to get water for the dishes from the pump, she did it again!

After taking the dishwater in I went outside again to see what was so important around the water pump. In order to get close to the pump, I locked Bertha in the barn with her food and water. I soon found out why she was always butting me.

About three feet from the pump, there was a small hole in the ground with a bird's nest in it! Bertha must have thought she was babysitting the eggs, so every time I got too close, she let me have it!

You know, sometimes I wonder what goes on in animals' minds.

Erika Miller
Plains Junior High School

Eagle

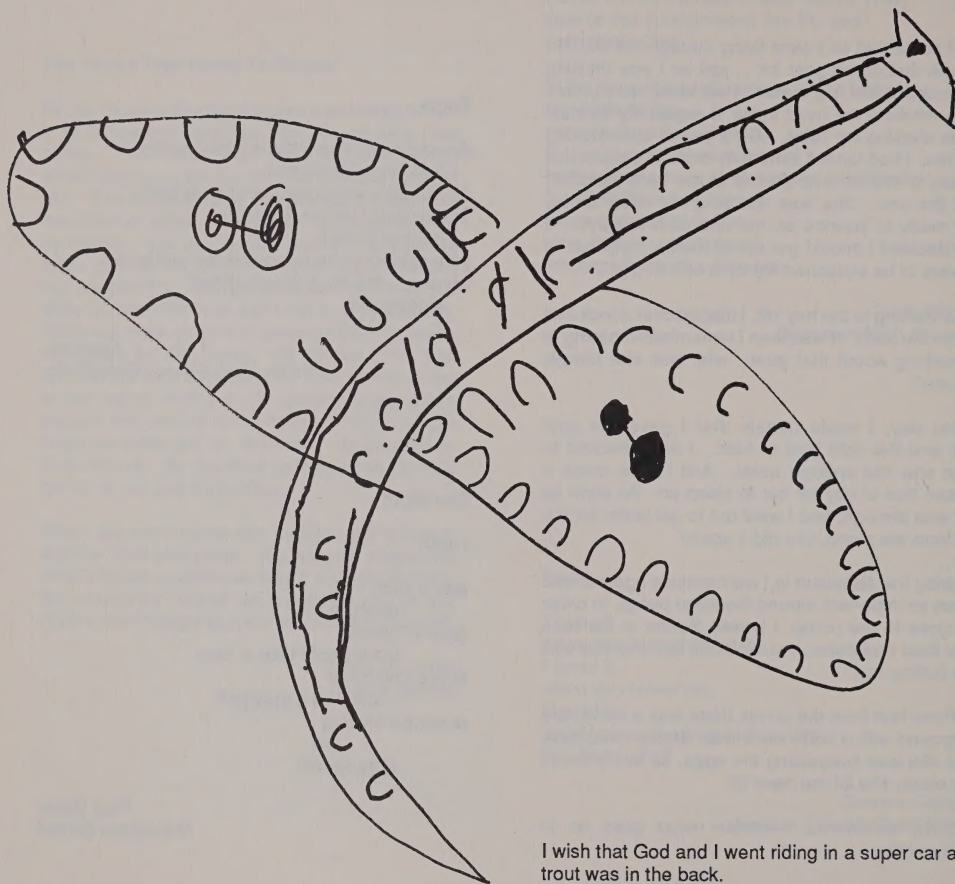
An eagle's eyes are like a motorcycle's
light beaming on you.
The eagle's wings are like shining gold.
The eagle's feet are like razors
ripping through
your skin when he swoops down and grabs
his prey. It's like a steam shovel
digging dirt.

Trampas
Valley View School, Great Falls

The Sloth

I wish
I
was a sloth
climbing
clear to heaven
but it would take a long
time to get there
I look like a gray puff
of smoke moving
at
slow speed

Paul Baker
Manhattan School



I wish that God and I went riding in a super car and a trout was in the back.

Cory Laird
Chester School

I wonder if coyote
really put garter snakes
in President Reagan's desk?

They said coyote put
the snakes in his desk
for an April fool's joke.

The President didn't
think it was funny.

"I wonder what I
could do to get
back at the coyote,"
said The President.

They said the President
cut off some of the
coyote's fur for revenge.

The coyote didn't
think that funny so
he had a talk with the
President.

The President said
"It was just for revenge.
Can we be friends?"

"Sure," said coyote.

Martinez
B.A. Winans School, Livingston

Ode to my Cow

To me you are
like a pet
dog.

To my dad
you are a
black cow
numbered
303 orange.

You gave
me a red
calf that
I will sell
this

fall at a
auction.

I will
get about
400
dollars

from your
calf.

I will
have to
pay

my dad
about

100
dollars for
the food
you ate.

Then I
will have
the rest of
the money
to put

in
the bank
or

I can
spend
it.

Landon Blatter
East Side School, Livingston

Ode to My Dog

My mom is going to put my dog to sleep. Her name is Buzzer. I don't want my mom to kill her. My dog is like a person to me. She is black and white. Or she might let her boy friend shoot her. Boom.

Kenny
Livingston Schools

I am a Blue Bird.
I am at a human's yellow and green house.
I am picking at corn like a chicken.
I hear a cat's meow.
I am as scratchy as someone learning to play a violin.
I see a black cat come around the side of the chicken house.

anonymous
Warrick School, Big Sandy

We left the bait in the fridge.
When I opened the fridge it
looked like rat tails. It felt
like slime lizards, as rank
as propane, and I could
practically taste it

Vic Deshner
Cascade School

Once there was a bird
a serious bird.
He died.
He was a special bird.
I came back from somewhere
and he was dead.
He was plumb dead.
Just sitting there.
And I threw him in the garbage.
But I thought about him
for a long time.

Mike Sharler
Cardwell School

Two Songs for Eagles

Eagles look afar.
By the clouds of night
eagles rule the sky.

•

But for
eagles

their beautiful wild home
long gone

a cloud leaves.

Paul Beagley
Belgrade High School

My Time

It was a long time ago
 When I was a young boy
 And I was full of joy
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light

My Time
 My Time
 My Time

My Time

It was a long time ago
 When I was a young boy
 And I was full of joy
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light

My Time
 My Time
 My Time

It was a long time ago
 When I was a young boy
 And I was full of joy
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light

My Time
 My Time
 My Time

My Time

It was a long time ago
 When I was a young boy
 And I was full of joy
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light
 And I was full of love
 And I was full of hope
 And I was full of faith
 And I was full of life
 And I was full of light

My Time
 My Time
 My Time

My Time of Need

Advice

Reach high children, and get it all.
Choose above the rest
or fall so far.

That was a choice of action.

Make the unworthy stumble to their
terrible death.
Or kill to stay alive.

Stop children, right now.
Most of you
think in spite of yourself.
Minds don't need it.

Start telling yourselves
you're worthy of anything
you work for.

Jeena Hanley
Washington School, Miles City

Ode to Fred

Fred was there in my time of
need.
I got in trouble with my mom
and Fred made me feel better by
talking to me
He said there was no reason to get mad.
He was wrong so
I beat him up.
That made me feel better.

Aaron Hunnewell
Chester School

My treehouse is like my desk.
I am as accidental as a slingshot.
Bubble gum tastes like old tires.
A jackhammer is as bad as a machine gun.

Jeremy Seidlitz
Chester School

72-Hour Kate

Seventy-two-hour Kate is always in a scrape.
She lives in a small apartment
on the west side of L.A.

She never talks much of
her three-day marriage
to a gardener from the mall.

They met by mistake.
She tripped over his rake
and broke her nose on the flying handle.

They were married within a week
and divorced within three days.
They found they were just not compatible.

Now she has a small apartment
and a small child
who has a liking for geraniums.

Luke Straus
Dawson County High School, Glendive

My Cousin

My cousin

is like a giggling squirrel.
She is as cute as a running horse.
She likes to wink
at Grandpa.
She is as dark
as a black crayon. Her hair
is as dark as panty hose.
She gives kisses out
like a ghost.
That's why I love my cousin.

Susan Badilla
South School, Laurel

Kids and Parties

Who throws parties with eleven kegs?
With all the houses filled with smoke?
Do people smoke the dope they get at the parties?
And the guys, taken over and over again,
who has passed out? Who was it lying
on the couch filled with guilt and sorrow?
When morning came to the sickly teens,
where did all the people go? Great party,
said the bewildered kid, who am I?
What did I do?
No one was so very drunk?
Who gave this massive party?
A kid with lots of money?
Why did he throw it?

Too many parties.
Too many kids.

Michelle Miller
Washington School, Miles City

Sunny

Dad woke up that morning. It was a sunny morning and he didn't feel like going out to plow the field. He got dressed and went to the breakfast table. Grampa told him to go out and milk the cows because they were almost out of milk. Dad got real mad and went out and milked the cows. When he got back Grampa told him to get ready to go plow the field. Dad was upset but if he said anything he knew he would get hit. When they got out to the field dad started to plow the field. It was about 8 o'clock so at about noon dad asked grampa if he could go to town with his friends, but he said, "No way." Then dad got real mad and went and got a cactus and put it on his tractor seat. When grampa sat on it he yelled and screamed. When he got done picking all the stickers out he went and got dad off the tractor and whipped him. Dad got in a lot of trouble and didn't get to go to town for a long time.

Loren
Wibaux Schools

Ode to Loud Music

Because it's loud enough to cover
up the shouts of your parents.
Because it overpowers the squeaky
sounds of your sister practicing clarinet.
Because it scares away the anger
that's built up inside.
Because its crazy mixed-up beat
makes you crazy at a school dance.
Because it adds to the grace of
a flashy, red sports car.
Because it's the symbol of
teenage rebellion.

Beth Roberts
Bigfork High School

Gypsy Girl

I was always getting into trouble. I think one of the worst times was when I was about five or six. A band of gypsies had moved into an area, then called Niggertown. I went and talked to them, and they really liked me. One lady gave me a cookie and read my fortune. Then she told me that I was her daughter and that I was only living with grandmother. She said I was supposed to live with her now. I ran home ready to pack all of my belongings and go with the gypsies.

My grandmother got really mad and didn't know why I would even talk to them. She went out and cut a willow branch to spank me. After my spanking, she told me I couldn't leave the yard for a whole week.

I was very mad at my grandmother for the spanking, so when I went up to my room I packed my favorite things and waited until dark. Then I crawled out of my window, across the roof, and to a tree. I jumped to the nearest branch. I ran as fast as I could to Niggertown. I saw the light of the fires and the people dancing. I was really excited because I was going to be a gypsy. I ran into the camp and found the lady whom I had talked to earlier. She was happy to see me. She showed me where I was to sleep and I got ready for bed.

The next day I woke up early. I peeked out of the tent and saw almost everyone was already up. I put on my clothes and went out to get some breakfast.

The lady I had talked to the day before came up to me and told me I was to call her Mother from now on. She made me some breakfast. When I was finished, she put me to work washing dishes.

That day I worked harder than ever. I carried wood, milked the goat, and washed clothes. I decided that being a gypsy wasn't so wonderful after all. So after dark I gathered up my belongings and peeked out of my tent to see if anyone was looking. I crept away from camp and ran home to my grandmother's. When I got there, my grandmother was sitting in the living room. I knew I would be in big trouble so I was very quiet. My grandmother didn't even look up when she said, "I see you are back. How were the gypsies?"

I didn't know how she knew where I was, but she did and in a way I was glad. I never wandered off again without permission.

Amy Ness
Blue Sky High School, Rudyard



We left Virginia
 two hours before I was born.
 My mother had me
 on an airplane
 over Helena, Montana.
 The doctor was retired.
 He asked a \$50 fee.
 It was costly
 but it was worth it.
 "Patience"
 "Patience."
 "I see a head."
 "A chest."
 "Two legs."
 "Congratulations! It's a boy!
 A noisy and healthy one, too!"
 When we left the airport
 my father said, "I wished for a girl.
 And that doctor was expensive."

Dale Rowenkamp
 Lincoln School, Great Falls

Helping as an elf.
 Eats everything in sight.
 Asks lots of questions.
 Talks all of the time.
 High queen of Jupiter.
 Elbows people in the ribs.
 Rattles like a jukebox.

Fakes being sick.
 Rattles day and night.
 Angry as a mule.
 Naughty as a pig.
 Clumsy as a bird.
 Impossible to be a friend with.
 Silly as a goose.

Heather Francis
 East Side School, Livingston

Takes after his dad. His
 Only fault is Science! Showed
 Davey Crockett how to shoot.
 Delivered the wheel to ancient man.

Brought the first Tyrannasaurus
 Rex to Montana and gave it as a gift to
 Ekalaka. Moved to Mission Cr. He helped Davy
 Kill a bear. Settled in the valley, gave his
 Kidney beans to Indians, because he
 Eats Rocky Mountain Oysters!

Todd Brekke
 East Side School, Livingston

What a Mess

Oh mom I am so sorry
 in the backyard
 I made
 Hoover Dam Jr.

Oh, but I couldn't help it
 watching the water run
 so fast

Lucas
 Chester School

The Rotten Cucumbers

Dear Garbage man:
I'm sorry about the
cucumbers
I threw them around
and crushed them
with my feet

It was fun to
look at the inside
and the ugly outside

I threw them up
and they cracked
I threw them up
again and they
splattered

I'll help you
clean it up

Daniel Violet
Chester School

Drinks too much
can be mean
staggering around annoying me.
Been gone for hours
where can he be?
Down at the Wagon Wheel
playing the machines.
Sometimes two, maybe three.
No one knows how long he'll be.
Daddy, please come home to me.

anonymous
Dawson County High School, Glendive

My dad stands beside
the '57 Chevy behind the garage.
Two of its three tires are flat,
the windshield is cracked,
the paint is faded and flaking,
it suffers from terminal rust cancer,
and the interior is a mouse motel.
What does he see when he
looks at it? For hours.

Shawn Mills
Dawson County High School, Glendive

Yesterday

Yesterday I remembered five years
into the future and saw myself learning
to ride a bike. I found a friend
who could ride a bike, but I missed my friend.
After all, I never knew someone like
the person I always met. I saw myself
at ten years old and riding my bright
red dirt bike I got for my eleventh
birthday. I remember gripping
the black handlebars and gloating
in the street. I remember the large
gash in my leg after I hit the jungle gym
at full speed. My new friend laughed.
Although my new friend was myself,
he picked me up and brushed me off.
I felt quite disillusioned.

Steve Willis
Laurel High School

The Candy Bar

Sometime in the 1950s, there lived a family with four members in it: George, the father, Mary, the mother, Johnny, the brother, and Sally, Johnny's little sister. They lived on a farm thirty miles south-east of Big Sandy, Montana, and since the family hardly ever went to town, it was a real treat when they did.

One day the father said to his children, "Now listen Johnny and Sally, if you are real good your mother and I will buy you a candy bar to share. That means there is no talking. You only speak when you are spoken to. Do you hear me?" Their Daddy had a gruff voice. He only had to say once what he expected.

"Yes, Father, I hear you," said Johnny respectfully.

"Me too," said Sally.

So all the way to town, they acted like angels, only speaking when spoken to.

Finally they arrived at the store. But as always, before they got out of the car, their father had something to say.

He said, "All right, Johnny and Sally, you have been quite good. You may buy one candy bar between the two of you."

Well Johnny and Sally chose a "Snickers" bar. Everybody knows that a "Snickers" bar is the best kind of candy bar.

Now they knew they had to wait until they got home to eat it, so they took turns holding it. When the family got home, Sally let Johnny carry the candy bar while she helped her mom carry in the groceries. So Johnny went to their fort to wait for Sally to share their candy bar.

Pretty soon, he thought, well, I will just take one bite. Five minutes later, he took another bite. He thought, "If only she would hurry!" About ten minutes later he thought, "Sally won't mind if I just take one more bite.

After what seemed to be hours, Sally bounced in and said, "Alright Johnny, I am finally done. Let's eat. Johnny? Where is the candy bar, Johnny?"

Johnny looked down and saw that all was left of the candy bar was the wrapper.

Johnny looked at Sally and said, "Oh my gosh, I must have eaten the whole candy bar. I am sorry Sally. I really am. Please, Sally, don't tell Mom and Dad."

Sally turned around as she started to cry and said, "You just wait Johnny. You just wait until Mom and Dad hear. You'll be sorry, Johnny."

"Wait Sally, ... Oh No!"

Darci Jo Jurenka
Blue Sky High School, Rudyard

Men

"It isn't fair."

"Well that's life for you."

"Man, when I have kids, the first chauvinistic remark that comes out of their mouths will be followed by a beating. I'll beat them so bad they can't even blink without feeling pain."

"Oh you're blowing this way out of proportion. Your father isn't that chauvinistic."

"Oh yea, why can't I stay out past midnight but Johnny, who's two years, and I stress two years younger than me, can stay out all night if he wants to just 'cause he's a guy? And why do I have to clean the house and wash those filthy dishes, when Johnny gets to sit around reading my comic books. Huh why? I didn't use all those dishes. Why can't we all wash out our own dishes or take turns?"

"Now don't be ridiculous! Johnny has to do a lot of stuff that you don't have to."

"Yea, like take out the garbage, how hard is that? The worst that can happen is the bag will break, then he'll have to wait for me to sweep it back into a bag for him, 'cause the bonehead doesn't even know how to use a broom. I'm serious, hey, I bet if you gave him a broom right now and told him to sweep the porch, he'll grab the straw bristles and drag the stick along. And then wonder why it's taking so long."

"Now you're the one who ain't being fair. Johnny knows how to use a broom and he does a lot more than take out garbage and read Archie comic books. Don't say another word, I don't want to talk about it anymore!"

"Fine! I have something else to ask you anyway."

"And what's that?"

"Why did you marry dad?"

"What do you mean? I married him cause he won me over from the other guys."

"You should of stuck with the other guys. You sure didn't get a catch here."

"Think of it this way, you wouldn't be here if I didn't marry him."

"You still should of stuck with the other guys. Hey listen is that the phone?"

"I hope so. I'm starting to hate this conversation."

"What did you say? I didn't hear you."

"I said you'd better hurry and answer it."

"Hey mom, can I go out tonight?"

"With who?"

"Who do you think. Tony."

"Yes, but you be home by midnight."

"Of course."

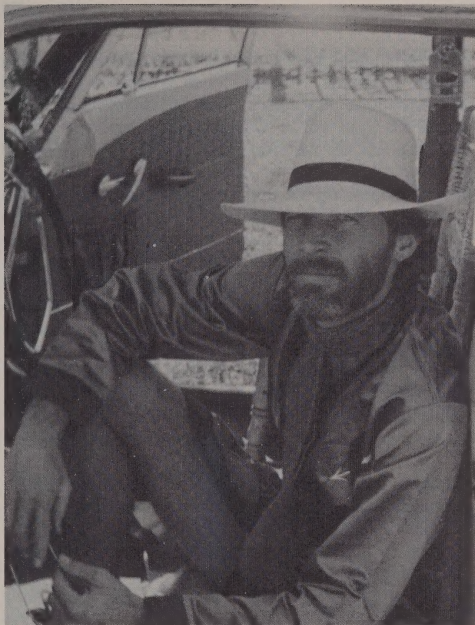
"So how was your date?"

"It was terrible. I told Tony how I hate chauvinists. He was really nice, but then when we got to the show he made me open doors by myself, pay for my own ticket and get my own refreshments. What ever happened to all the guys who treat women like ladies?"

"They're all called chauvinists in today's society."

"Well I'll take a chauvinist over a guy like Tony any day."

Linda Storkson
Poplar Schools



David Romtvedt

Seven Ways to Eat a Chocolate Chip

1

You can pick the top off the drop and pop it in your mouth. Nibble the rest a bit at a time.

2

You can toss it up high and catch it on the end of your tongue. You might have to move your feet.

3

You can place it against your cheek. And let it melt away.

4

You can blend it into cookie dough. Bake luscious morsels at 350°. Set timer for ten minutes.

5

Sprinkle into blender with milk and ice cream. Make shake.

6

Sandwich between two gram crackers with roasted marshmallow and construct a smores.

7

Swallow it whole.

class collaboration
F.E. Miley School, Big Sandy

The Orange Grove

When I was a young girl growing up in California, my favorite place to spend free time was the orange grove out by our adobe house. My grandfather owned that grove, and he let my brother and me play in the grove whenever we wanted to eat all the oranges we could cram inside ourselves.

Few things are more enjoyable than a colorful, juicy orange freshly picked from the tree, except maybe the cooling shade of the orange tree itself during the hot summer months. During the summer, when school was out, we practically lived in the grove. It was huge, stretching many blocks, and my brother and I loved to walk barefoot through the trees, just exploring and discovering, and generally having fun. When we got tired of walking, we'd find a good tree to play under. A perfect "play" tree had to be thick and shady to protect us from the sun's hot rays, with lots and lots of oranges to quench our thirst. If the branches hung down low enough under the weight of the fruit, they formed a sort of house that was perfect for all sorts of childhood games.

During the summer, my grandfather hired Mexican laborers to pick oranges for him. As a kind of "fringe benefit", he always allowed them to pick some to take home to their families, too. There were plenty to go around, he said. Every year, the first day after school was out, my brother and I would get an old sheet from Mother and rip it up into about four strips of cloth. Then we'd walk through the grove, search out the biggest, shadiest, healthiest tree and tie the cloth strips around the branches. This let the pickers know not to pick from that tree. They could pick from any other tree in the grove, but the oranges from that tree were ours.

My little brother was constantly finding new ways to amuse himself, often not considering the consequences that were sure to eventually follow. The trees had to be watered about once a week; Grandpa usually watered on Saturdays. There were irrigation ditches that ran in between the rows of trees, and running along the uphill edge of the grove was the main water pipe. Grandpa turned on the water in the early morning, and the water reached the middle of the grove a few hours later. One Saturday, my brother was playing in the middle of the grove around noon, and as he watched the water trickle down the ditches he was struck with an inspiration. He began to construct dams out of mud and sticks, blocking off three or four ditches. By mid-afternoon, he had a good-sized lake filled with the water that had been meant for trees further downhill. He took great joy in sailing "boats" of leaves and pieces of bark in his pond.

Grandpa had no idea of my little brother's creative endeavor until later that week. While walking through the grove checking the trees, he came upon the remains of my brother's lake. Now Grandpa was an easy-going man, but even a grandfather has his limits. When he returned home later that day, he quietly informed my brother that he was not to play in the orange grove any more.

But Grandpa had a soft heart, and he couldn't stand to see the boy moping around the house all day with nothing else to do. Within a week, Grandpa had changed his mind and my brother was back in the orange grove. We spent the rest of the summer in blissful happiness.

Julianne Seitel
Monforton School, Bozeman

Not a Cinch

It was a dry, mid-July morning, and the hazy heat waves foretold of a hot day to come. Floyd stood at the open barn door gazing across his father's field. As he turned back towards the hot-red convertible, Frank looked up from the hood, "Done gawkin at the gas?"

"Yeah! I was just thinkin; where are we going to round up enough gas to put in this thing anyway?"

"Well, I guess Earl's out scanning for a way to get some. We have enough to get us to town, then we'll just hit off whoever Earl has lined up."

After settling upon the arrangement, Frank and Floyd grabbed a siphon hose and hopped in the convertible. When they arrived in town, they stopped to pick up Earl, who was parking himself on a bench in front of Olie's Barber Shop.

"Find us a car, Earl?" inquired Floyd.

"Old Josh Simms has his Model A parked behind the stables; looks easy."

In deciding upon a victim, Earl joined the boys, and they headed toward the livery. When they arrived, they parked the convertible on the street and headed around back to do their necessary duties.

Earl had been completely correct; the job was a cinch. They got back to the car and piled in. Frank and Earl grabbed the front seat and Floyd dove for the back. Floyd settled himself in the seat and was pulling the gas can in with him when he felt a firm tug on the other end. He looked at the can, the large hand that had a hold on it, and then up the steely, bronzed arm, and into the face of Josh Simms. Simms was a big man and more than what either of the boys wanted to tangle with.

Floyd sent a frightful glance toward the driver, "Step on it, Frank!"

As the car tore down the street, Simms threw himself on the back of the convertible, still gripping the can. Floyd tried desperately to hammer the big man's hands off the can, but his failure only led to a more increased state of panic. As the car hit the railroad tracks, Floyd once again aimed a blow toward the large hand. To his relief, however, the hand was no longer there, in fact, neither was Simms. Floyd looked up in time to catch a quick glimpse of Josh Simms, who seemed to be suspended in midair. While the boys continued to fly down the old dirt road out of town, Floyd once again looked back. He saw the big man sprawled across the tracks, pounding the dirt, and swearing that he would some day catch them boys.

Pam Sellner
Bigfork High School

Butter Brickle

On a damp day in the middle of April, I went to town to run some errands. I had to get the groceries, some parts for our tractor, and a few other little things.

I took the pickup truck into town, since our country road was pretty muddy. I saw a big thunderbolt heading from the northwest, the direction that most of them come in from. I wanted to get in and out of town as soon as possible, since the country where I live is a likely place for flash floods. Anyway, I got all of the things we needed and had a little money leftover, so I just had to go back and get that delicious looking butter-brickle ice cream. I was pretty hungry so I bought 2 gallons. What a mistake.

When I was on my way home, sure enough out of the blue came a flash flood. The muddy water was rushing down the creek bed so I couldn't get across. Since I was on the other side of the creek from the house I couldn't get the ice cream to the icebox, and there was no way of crossing that mass of raging water without getting stuck in the middle. It was already starting to melt, and the only thing I could think of was to eat it. I didn't want to throw that good ice cream out, since things were rough around there. So I made a spoon out of the top of the ice cream box, and set off to eat it!

After about 2 or 3 hours the creek went down, and I had more than my fill of butter-brickle ice cream. I took the pickup across the creek to the house, and I told my dad and sister. To this day I'm not sure if they believe me or not, but you and I know that I ate 2 gallons of ice cream and I know for as long as I live, I won't look, taste, smell, or touch another drop of butter-brickle ice cream.

Matt Arneson
Big Timber School

Ode to Poetry

Poetry is like obsidian
begun and conceived in turmoil.

Poetry is like the sky
wide open yet definite.

Poetry is infinite
like daydreams and memories.

Poetry is like a rainbow
crimson changing to blue
but never fading or weakening.

Frank Jasper
Bigfork High School

Gray is like Jay's gray shirt.
Gray is like a muddy bay.
Gray is like a glob of clay.
Gray is like yucky peas.
Gray is like my new house.
Gray is like picking your nose.

David Teeter
Loy School, Great Falls

Boards and Nails

One day in 1936 Maybelle Satre got a doll for being good. But she never wanted dolls. She wanted boards and nails so she could build something. She had always told everyone that's what she wanted, not dolls!

So one day after she got the doll she went out in the back yard, laid the doll on a wood stump, got an ax and cut the doll's head off.

From then on she never got dolls! People got smart and gave Maybelle boards and nails for presents.

Jennifer Amos
Big Timber School

Ode to My House

My house is like a mice dungeon. I live in my house. There is no danger there. Sometimes I creep into it. I play in it. I love my house but I am moving. I feel like a smashed grape.

Joe Dickinson
Washington School, Livingston

Standing Next to the Brushpile as Rain Hits the Ash

In the brushpile
the sneering flames,
the soothing heat,
branches blackened and
what the flames don't consume
sits scattered
in the ash,
the coals
of the far gone flame
pulsating
as the smoke
too full of sorrow
careens and twists
through this atmosphere
to the morals of rain,
their succulent drops and puddles
puffing up the ash.
One meets the other--
soft, cradling. The
thought that incomprehension
is the sluttiest
sense to all
in a brushpile
brimming with ash.

I walk cautiously
to the final coal.

Kevin Goodan
Ronan High School

China Doll

Creeping down the stairs and around the corner to see if anything was under the tree for me. It was Christmas my favorite time of the year.

For this Christmas all I wanted was a doll. There was this beautiful doll down in the store window.

I worked all year, and was good all year. Did what ever my parents said.

I ran to my mommy and daddy's room, to tell them it was Christmas morning. All my brothers and sisters were still in bed but me, and I just couldn't wait.

There are ten kids in my family, so each kid got one present. Usually the girls got a pretty silk ribbon for your hair. But this Christmas I just knew I was getting a doll.

Everyone was up and ready to open their presents, but none of them were as excited as I was.

My dad was handing out presents to my brothers and sisters. I wanted to be around it. I opened it really slow. Hoping a little bit more every minute that the present was the glass china doll that was in the store window. As I opened the top of the box, I could see some paper. When I moved the paper away, I could see it was the doll. It was a beautiful doll. I ran into the bedroom to show my little sister.

She took the doll out of my hands. She was jumping on the bed with the doll in her hands. She was very excited too. Then the doll slipped out of her hands, and fell to the floor. It shattered into pieces.

My sister was in the corner crying, she felt so bad. She thought it was all her fault, but I knew it wasn't her fault. I went over to the corner to tell her it wasn't her fault, and that I knew she didn't mean it.

My Christmas was over and my dreams were shattered but I still had my Christmas spirit. It was such a beautiful doll.

Arron Datta
Wibaux Schools



Ron Philip Pulcini

Deadwood

Heat snakes slithered over the asphalt but the wind was cool through the open car window. Joe had never jumped before and was a little nervous, but he figured that if the cliffs were too high or the water not deep enough, he could always back out. Wheelchairs and quadriplegics flashed through his mind. The brain dead stared at him from hospital beds.

"We were down there yesterday," Nelson was saying, "and a bunch of guys stood and watched the whole time. It was sorta funny, we just ran past 'em and jumped in. They just stood there, never jumped once."

"I don't have to jump," Joe reminded himself. "If it's too fast or too deep or there's too many people, I don't have to jump." Shadows of hidden boulders and junked cars lurked behind his eyes.

"You should always jump feet first," Nelson continued, "cause sometimes you hit the bottom."

"Hit the bottom?" Broken legs and crutches staggered his mind.

"It's just mud — nothin' to worry about. Hell, it's the easiest thing in the world, just let go. Take a run at it, then you can't stop if you wanted to. It's so cool, almost like flying."

The car rumbled off the highway onto a gravel road. Ahead a county sheriff pulled off and drove down a dirt track. A cloud of dust rolled from beneath his tires. They turned and followed him to a field of parked cars, an improvised and traditional parking lot. The sheriff got out of his cruiser and the boys sat and watched him. In the back seat Joe wondered if he'd have to jump today. He figured it couldn't be very legal. The cop walked to a beat up truck. Joe guessed it had been parked there overnight or maybe abandoned. Someone had taken a bat to the windshield and

slashed the tires. The sheriff asked questions with his hazy hot conversational voice but he wasn't concerned with the crowd of kids down at the river.

They got out of the car and walked through the hot dust. Puffs like dry steam shot up at each step. Slipped into shoes and stuck to skin. From the head of the trail leading to the river they could see the cliffs and the people standing around. Joe thought to himself that yeah, he didn't have to jump if he didn't want to. No one would care. They bounded down the steep trail on the edge of control, sliding, rolling on gravel down to the river. Crossing on old boards, they tried not to get their feet wet. It wasn't time yet, but while Nelson and a couple of their friends waved for him to hurry Joe slipped. He splashed over the slick rocks and moss, the water curled and grabbed at his ankles and jumped at his knees.

They were standing in a stream off to one side of the main river when Joe caught up with them. To the left the falls thundered down and the spray hovered in the still air. Here water slid over mossy rocks and then plunged twenty, thirty yards or more. Joe walked carefully to the edge and peered over. Sand surrounded a pool of dirty water and on one side an auto bumper twisted and hooked below the surface. Joe stepped back from the ledge.

Several guys he didn't know were standing around, they looked like Air Force. They hadn't jumped. "So it's okay if I don't," Joe was thinking. The water curled cool around his ankles. The rest of the guys were taking off their shirts. Bodies tan, pale, red in the sun. Joe took off his t-shirt. It was one he had got in a road race. He thought back to how he had set a personal record and taken third, maybe fourth overall. He had run his ass off that day. It had been hot too — hot as Hell. He could remember the sweat dripping and burning in his eyes. Yeah, that was quite the day, a damn good p.r. He tossed the shirt in a bush out of the

mud. The sun touched his back hot as the drought. "Hey who's goin' first?" Gary asked. They all looked at each other.

"Hell, I will." Nelson ran to the lip of the cliff and jumped. His tan body arched and plunged feet first into the murky water. He came up yelling and shaking his hair. Then it was Gary curving and splashing into the pool. Then Rodney. Still Joe stood and looked. The sun was working its way through his hair and prickled his scalp with sweat. Several jetties were watching him. One had a fat girlfriend. They were drinking beer and talking about the night before. Joe turned from the lip and paced off three steps on the rock mossy streambed. He held his breath and ran forward. There was no stopping. The ground dropped away and he was sailing through the twisting air. He hadn't jumped hard enough,. He could tell before he hit. Then the water split around him. His hands and arms slapped as he came down feet first, they stung while he plunged deeper. The water enveloped him, holding him in cool arms. Joe relaxed and the air trickled from his lungs. His feet planted hard in the bottom, jostling his bones, and it was only mud. He pushed off. The water swirled around him as he shot to the surface. His heart was pounding and the adrenaline rushed through his blood. He came up yelling and shaking his hair in the familiar still heat.

They climbed up the cliff over a flat slab of frypan hot bedrock and jumped again and again until the thrill wore off and they lay baking in the hot sun on the clifftop. Behind them a man was fishing below another waterfall. Across the river on the near side of the big falls a small group of kids was clustered getting up the nerve to jump. This fall was bigger than the first, maybe forty yards to the water, maybe fifty.

"Let's go show them how it's done," Someone said. The current cut right below the jump and swept out to the big roaring falls. Someone could drown in there real easy. No one moved and Joe felt tired. Across the way, one kid jumped, they turned back to the sun.

"Hey, let's go under the falls," it was Nelson. They stood and stretched, headed for the water. On the shore, across from the big jump a crowd had gathered. Joe and Nelson walked over to see what was going on. A boy lay on his back, he was sixteen or perhaps seventeen. His face was pale and sick, his breath choked in and out. "He got caught in the current," Someone was saying, "Paul had to go in and get him out." The boy rolled over and puked, bile and water surged out of his stomach, splattering on the gravel. It smelled like stale water and fear, stinking in the hot sun. "We can't get him to move, he just lies there, wants to go to sleep." Joe and Nelson turned away, walked upstream. The boy's face hung in Joe's mind.

"Dumb jerk," Nelson was saying, "if you don't panic you'll be fine."

"Really," said Joe. "I mean, if you're not a good enough, you shouldn't jump."

"Yeah, no shit. Some dummy drowns and they'll be fencing us out."

"Think so?"

"What do you think?" Nelson asked.

"Yeah I guess." Joe was thinking about the kid's drained face gasping for air.

Gary and Rodney were waiting for them by the waterfall. The sun came out as they slipped beneath the falls, the water whirled half a foot away, dark and treacherous. They clung to the rock walls and stepped on the inundated ledges. The water pounded down, arcing out and away from the cliffs, and formed a tunnel several feet long. They stood up and the water soaked their skin. Nelson picked up a rock and heaved it out through the sparkling water. It cut a quick hole in the prism hung curtain and then the water surged shut. They laughed about the fisherman below and what he might be thinking, seeing rocks come shooting out

through the falls. Joe stepped carefully, still thinking about the pale face that gagged and wretched on the gravel beach. He could imagine being sucked into the darkly swirling water and never coming up. The falls chuckled and whispered of cool sleep. All the rocks had been thrown. The four hugged the cliff and worked their way back to the shore to sit on the warm stones. Across the current a group of kids still stood, waiting for some cue that might never come. "Let's show 'em how it's done," Someone said again.

"OK," said Joe, "Let's go." To the four's right the pale boy slept on the damp gravel, weakly gasping in his dreams.

They headed out across the top of the falls where the current wasn't too strong, aiming for the big drop off. Cool water gurgled up around Joe's tan thighs and pulled him towards the edge. He bulled his way across behind Nelson and Gary. A sandbank tracked by their dripping footprints and they were there. The other kids were still standing above the river, watching the current, trying to decide whether or not to jump. The small falls arced out gently into the river's main body. It looked like a hell of a long way down. The other kids backed away like mildly interested sightseers giving the natives room.

Quickly Rodney stood poised on a rock outcropping and then suddenly jumped. His shout echoed in the hot air and water shot up from where he hit. Rod surfaced a couple of yards downstream. "Don't get caught under the falls!" He yelled up, "They'll suck you down!" He turned diagonally against the current and stroked across the moving water.

"I'm next." It was Joe. He had to do it now, he had wanted to go first. The rock was hot and unsure beneath his feet. He let go of his fear. He stepped off. Gravity gripped his body and the water rushed up at him. His feet hit, stinging even through his old shoes. It was dark and murky and he couldn't find the bottom. The current twisted at him, pulled him down. The water

was cold and strong. Images twisted in front of Joe's eyes and he thought that maybe he could see himself. He floated deeper, caught by the river. He felt so tired. Joe's feet bumped against the peaceful muddy bottom. He let out a trickle of air and it played in front of his eyes. Rays of light randomly pierced the water and suspended silt whirled like dust in the wind. His eyes began to burn. His chest was a fist. He pushed his legs against the bottom and mud swirled up around him. He stroked upwards, his lungs empty. Joe's head broke water and he violently inhaled. The current had him in its grip, pulling him towards the big falls. He lay out on his belly and stroked for the opposite shore. The river tugged at him and his legs were tired, but he felt good. He wasn't worried. The current was pulling Joe towards the falls but he was making progress. Ahead of him a dead carp floated in the water. Its eyes had been eaten out. The scales, ackluster copper, were peeling away. Joe could smell its sweet, rotten flesh. He reached out a hand and grabbed hold of its fin. It swirled towards him. Joe pulled away then switched to the sidestroke, still holding the carp. He was being pulled, tugged towards the falls. The carp caught the current. Joe's arms were tired from swimming and from holding the fish. He didn't let it go. The falls were getting louder in his ears. The sun flashed from the water and dully off the carp's side. Joe looked towards the roaring falls and their foam white undertow then back at the rotting carp. He looked to the white shore, they were climbing out of the water, Nelson and Gary had made it before he had. The carp had slowed him down. Joe panted in the sun. He could feel the water steaming off his back. The falls rolled in his ears and the current tugged at his legs. Gary and Nelson were talking to a girl on the beach. The treacherous current ripped at his legs but he knew he could still make it to solid ground. The fish pulled at his hand — cold, dead, insistent. He hesitated, giving way to the river, and reluctantly he let go. The carp floated away, low and heavy in the gray water.

Derek Stordahl
Great Falls High School

You May Find A Bat

Ode to Numbers

For without numbers we would have no age
And without numbers there would be no addresses
Numbers are like the alphabet
but have so much more to do
For without numbers you wouldn't
know when school got out

Numbers are so many shapes
and never have an end

Justin
Valley View School, Great Falls

You Did It

With the boots on your feet the mud stuck
to you.
You slopped in its murky waters like a
famous messiah.

The days passed by Cleveland like a Devil's
laugh.
The life of merciless crime in a meaningless
world.

A sinful day stuck you in that mud.
For you did it, and no one else did it with
you.

Ronnie Gaskill
Laurel High School

Frustration is...

the problem (or chapter, more like) in geometry,
you're never going to understand.

the basketball move you just
never can seem to get just right.

that volleyball serve you never
can get over the net.

the boy you have a crush on, who
never likes you back.

frustration is that horrible feeling that you're
a bubble,
being pumped with air,
first your toes,
then your knees
then your stomach
then...your throat

and when that bubble reaches your
throat,.....you know
you are about to burst,
and your bubble of frustration
will finally
break

you
down.

Amy Larson
Sweetgrass County High School, Big Timber

Greed

Greed tastes green
It feels good to the touch, like a soft stone
A fast buck is easily smelled like a good dinner
It has an eerie sound like a wolf calling
The sight of a Cyclops is as scary as greed

Tracey Overnek
Bigfork High School

Heartbroken

The sound of a bird whose beak
has been tied
The smell of an old oven
waiting to be cleaned
Touching it is like standing
in a rocky river with no shoes on
You taste the smell of dead
beetle
And you see a broken piece
of glass on the center of
a plate

Pam Miller
Bozeman High School

Loneliness

Is as bitter as the acid from a
car battery
Smells like the coals from an old
fire
Is the call of a distant eagle over
a silent mountain
Looks like a light snow falling in
a forgotten valley
Is as harsh as a winter wind,
cutting through the bare skin

Alexander Safford
Bozeman High School

Acceptance

My feet aren't adorned with Nikes
My legs aren't fashioned with Levis
My back doesn't wear the name Ocean Pacific
My face isn't baby smooth

Take off the Nikes
and look at the blisters
Don't brand me with Levis
I have enough scars
Don't weight me down with Ocean Pacific
I have enough weight to carry
Don't look at the scars
Look at my unscarred heart

Bryan Leep
Bozeman High School

Your Child Cries In Libya

a small child cries for you
your own adopted daughter
crying in the night like small
ones for their mothers
but still
that's not enough
more deaths for you
when will it be enough?

Another child cries
yours or ours?
does it matter?
they have no choice
all of them want to live
but that's not enough
scrambling for their lives
searching for their mothers
who lie dead in the street

Heather Bienvenue
Bozeman High School

I am a bear. I hibernate in my bed.
I am a hot dog, very skinny.
I am a carrot, I've got perfect eye sight.
I am a pear, everything I wear matches.
I am pudding, very tasty to bulllys.

Richie Hiler
Loy School, Great Falls

Sometimes I feel like a
hot, hot, hot stove and on top
of me there's soup.
Sometimes I feel like the
ocean waves
But today I feel like a
hard tooth.

Heather Laird
Chester School

Inside a Desk

Inside a desk there are little people cleaning the inside
There are lots of noises while I'm working
When I open up my desk top they are all hiding
I tell them to get the job done we don't have all day
One time I opened it and there was glue everywhere
I got hollered at in front of the classroom
My teacher said keep the noise down!
I fired them not just one, I fired them all
Then I had to do the job
Everybody started to see little people coming out of
my desk
Then I really got in trouble

Mike Brown
Granville Stuart School, Deer Lodge

In School

In School a teacher will become mean and yell
at her students as she yells at her own children.
The meanness in her eyes
is like the lava in a volcano.

The teacher tells you to read
the book, explaining there will be a test the next day.
The anger in her voice as she yells at you
echoes in the empty halls, meanness all she thinks
about.
If meanness was all power,
she would be queen of the world.
Each laugh gets a dirty look and
becomes a whipping
for the one who has done wrong.

She hits his hands with the ruler
and he screams from the pain.

Shari Satre
Belgrade High School

What is School?

The art of
reading,
writing,
learning,
and listening
while hitting,
talking
sweating
and swearing.

Josh Cotton
Cascade School

Miss Green

It was a cold, stormy winter day out and the one
room school that Jake and ten other kids went to
was getting cold, and needed more coal on the
furnace.

Miss Green couldn't get to the basement
without going outside because she was too
heavy but the children could so she sent two of
the older boys down to put coal on. When they
got down there they would open the door and
stand across the room and throw the coal and try
to hit the furnace. Well, when they would miss
and hit the furnace it would make a loud noise
and Miss Green would get furious, and send
Jake down to get the boys. Well, as any ten year
old would do, he went, but not to get the boys
but to join in and throw coal at the furnace.

Since sending another student to get the
others didn't work Miss Green had to get
dressed and go around because she was so
heavy. Just before she would get to the
basement the three boys would run up and sit in
their seats.

But every time they needed to put more coal on
she would send the two older boys and then
Jake to get them and every time they would do
the same thing and she would have to go and
get them.

Casey
Wibaux Schools

Adopted!

One day you and your sisters and brothers were playing tag downstairs. Your brothers and sisters would always try to touch you. You could run a lot faster than they could so they couldn't touch you. Finally, your brother caught you. Everybody started to laugh but you, you started to cry. You ran to your bedroom. You stayed in there until dinner when your mom yelled at you to come upstairs to eat. Then, you decided to make up with your brothers and sisters. So you went outside with them until ten o'clock, then you came in and went to bed because tomorrow was going to be a big day. Your class was doing a play for its families.

You woke up the next morning really happy. You took a shower, ate breakfast, curled your hair and you were off to school.

The beginning of the day was boring but then when your family came it turned into a zoo. Your brothers and sisters were passing around that you were adopted. Everybody started to look at you now. They were all saying "You are." You didn't know why they were saying "You are" and why they kept looking at you. Finally, a little boy yelled you are adopted. You tried to convince them that you weren't but nobody believed you.

The rest of the day was bad. When you got home you started to look for papers that said you were adopted. Your brothers and sisters were sitting in the corner and snickering. Finally, your mom yelled at them and told them to go to their rooms.

Mardi Fichtner
Big Timber School

A Great Musician

When I entered the kitchen, I noticed only three places set for breakfast. "Where's Dad?", I asked.

"He left early this morning. He had to go into town to check the price on that lumber."

The barn had been built over a year ago, but had never had a roof. We had run out of lumber, and Dad could not afford to buy more at the time. So for over a year he'd been saving up money to finish it. I couldn't help but wonder if it even mattered anymore. The Depression wasn't bringing much opportunity to any of the farmers in our area. What was the use of having a barn if there was nothing to put in it? Nevertheless, my father, who was notorious among his friends for his optimism, believed that any day a miracle would come along and the grey blanket that seemed to have been hovering over us forever would be lifted.

After breakfast I grabbed my books and jacket and headed for the door. I was almost down the front steps when I heard what I'd been waiting for. "You forgot your clarinet, Wayne." I had not forgotten it, but I was hoping Mother had. I didn't have the nerve to tell her or my father that I didn't want to play it anymore. In the sixth grade I loved it. I became very good at it, too, but over the past three years it had become a bore to me. I sometimes hated myself for not being honest with them, but they had had so many disappointments lately that I wouldn't have felt right complaining about it, either.

At school that day I ran into Mr. Brannon, my band teacher. Like my parents, he was convinced that I had the potential of becoming an excellent musician, and just as it was with my parents, I was afraid to tell him that I had no intention of becoming a musician. "Wayne," he called out to me, as I was trying my best to duck around a corner before he saw me, "I have to speak with you a minute about your clarinet."

"Why?", I asked, "What about my clarinet, sir?"

"Well, I've noticed lately that the tone quality of your instrument is getting worse. I know, of course, that this isn't your fault, since your clarinet is very old and practically beyond repair; but I really think something should be done about it. Someone with as much enthusiasm and talent as yourself really must have a better instrument."

My stomach began to churn. How could I possibly ask my parents to buy me a new clarinet? I had to admit, we were doing a lot better than most families, but there was no way we would be able to afford something like this. What about the barn?

Mr. Brannon must have been reading my mind because he went on to say that he realized the financial trouble my parents were in, but he thought that we could work something out. He'd be coming over this evening to talk to my parents about it.

"Oh no!" I protested, "Really, Mr. Brannon, the clarinet I have now is just fine. I'll clean it again tonight. Maybe that'll help the tone."

"Oh, Wayne, you have to face the fact that the instrument you have is beyond all hope. Trust me on this. I'll talk to your parents about it. I'm sure they'll agree with me." And with that he was gone.

The rest of the day I sweated over what I would do to stop Mr. Brannon from putting my parents through the guilt I knew they were bound to go through. I didn't want them to worry about something that really wasn't that important to me to begin with.

After I got home and changed into some old clothes, I walked out to the barn to help Dad with the roof. I saw that he had company, and as I got closer I could tell who it was. Dad and Mr. Brannon were leaning against the pick-up. By the time I reached them I could tell the conversation was near the end. I regretted the fact that

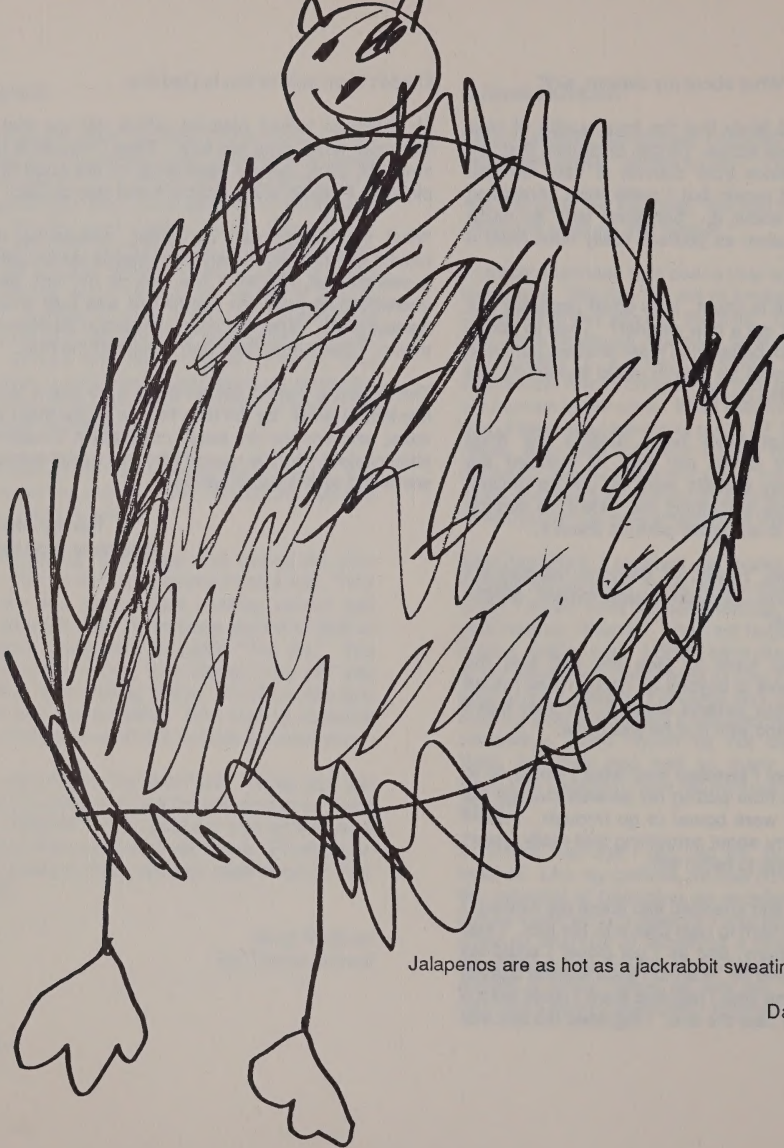
I hadn't been able to talk to Dad first.

Mr. Brannon looked pleased, which told me that the talk must have gone his way. Then I noticed a fairly new, still shiny clarinet case lying on the hood of the pick-up. I looked at Mr. Brannon and then at Dad.

"Well, you know," said my father, "maybe we don't need a roof on this barn after all. Maybe we should buy a new clarinet instead." The look on his face was of overwhelming pride, as though this was truly what he wanted to do. I knew then just how proud he was of my music. I didn't have the heart to tell him the truth.

The following year in school there were about forty or fifty kids in band. By the time I was a senior there were more, and despite the tough competition I made first chair clarinet. But the reason I did well wasn't because I wanted to be a great musician.

Tommy Johnson
Absarokee High School



Jalapenos are as hot as a jackrabbit sweating for three years.

Dallas Wayne Wirtz
Outlook School

Chalk Eraser

The chalk dust is like sleeping gas.
The lines in the middle look
like lines on the side of the road.
It tastes like a fuzzball.
It has little pieces of string
and fur inside.

Zach Story
Fred W. Graff School, Laurel

Ode to Wrestling

My Mom paid
for the
bill. I
learned pinners
which were
the half
NELSON
The Butterfly
The cradle
the Whole nelson
the detrix
the double Trouble
the Wizard and
the Head and arm
and the West point

I learned
take downs
which were
the double leg
the single leg
the head and arm
the Souffle
the bear hug
and finally
the tournaments.

Steve
Livingston Schools

Young Love

At war a girl can find a boyfriend, and so
reverse the rose by which she smells a man
beside her. She knows a little more than a flower
knows--the suffering for which love is created.

A true love thinks the world of everyone,
or repairs hearts, crying to prevent
love going bad, and yelling the name
of her lover. In love together she's alone.

If making love is music,
each grunt becomes a song, a word
for what lovers want but can't get.

She nibbles his ears lovingly as if they were fragile.
His hands roam over her legs like a piano.

Nikki Crose
Ronan High School

Your Valley

He is long legged.
She gave him long legs:

Fly down through its valley,
away from your running heart.

Lonnie Abelin
Belgrade High School

Leaving

I see my mother walking along with the sheep.
She is dressed as her mother and her
grandmother once did.
She carries a stick--much like a shepard carries
his crook.
She is sad. I can see the fear on her face.
My father is breaking some horses. I can see him
in the corral.
He has much wisdom, but none I can use.
He believes in the spirits and sees the medicine
man when he is ill. But I don't believe,
because I am
different.

Soon I will leave.
I will be learning new things.
I will be educated.
My mother and father do not want to lose me to the
white man's world.

They tell me of hard time and that I will be cheated.
I am sad to think that I will break the traditional way.

I regret what I must do, but I can not live the old-way
in a new and changing world.

I now see my mother sitting by her loom.
She is spinning wool to make the rugs
I can also see my father sitting by his bench.
He is carving and bending the materials in
his hand to make the everlasting
Navajo jewelry.

Laree Arthur
Park Senior High School, Livingston

Behind door one
I saw the math test
Behind door two the test was harder.
Behind door three I was pounding my desk.
Behind door four I saw myself screaming at the top
of my lungs.
Behind door five I was kicking my desk.
Behind door six I was pounding on the floor.
Behind door seven I was done.

Eric
Valley View School, Great Falls

7 Ways to Shoot a Basketball

1
slam dunk it
2
lay it up
3
close your eyes and shoot
4
hook it
5
bounce it off someone's head
6
kick it
7
luck out

Jess Grossman
Highwood School

A Pencil Sharpener

It sounds like it is grinding stone
into pieces of metal
It feels like slick silver sliding
onto my hand
It looks like a humpback whale
that just had a bath
It tastes like a piece of rusted
steel out of the ocean

Mark Fenno
Manhattan School

School

I am a car rolling down the street
When I get to school I seem to be
guessing at work. Not studying.
I am like a car going a hundred miles an hour
and then I crash.

Kenny Pandrantz
E.F. Duvall Middle School, Deer Lodge



How White Trains Rumble The Track

Dreaming — the White Train

My head rumbled like cannons blowing
and no one heard it but me—

how white trains rumble the track,
clink of the chains.

How the track kept turning
though a different cargo was carried.

How fear comes, as in a dream to
be trapped, the horrors moving.

I could have stopped the horror
with a knife, and all my pride,

dead there. I couldn't have
changed my dream, the nightmare

for which war doesn't care—
how he pushed the button and

walked away, how I cried as I stood there.

Dusty Sloan & Rowdy Snyder
Ronan High School

Five Ways to Kill a Deadly Gopher

1. Shoot him with an M-16 Machine Gun.
2. Put a boa constrictor down his hole.
3. Give him gopher poison.
4. Slice off his head with a dagger.
5. Strangle him with a rope.

Adrian Deck
Carter School

All Around Me

Orlin is not in Japan
and he is not an American tourist.
Loose gravel surrounds him
as if it's going to swallow him whole.
The space shuttle blew up.
The ants in the field are working.
A nuclear bomb could destroy the
earth many times over. The light
rain sways in the wind. Libya is
bombed by the United States. Bugs
still fly in the light breeze.
Florida has high and low tides.
Josh is writing on notebook paper
of the things he sees. I like
the things around me.

anonymous
Laurel High School

Gas went down, like lead falling from a cliff.
Raised, like a helium balloon, and shook the
Economy, like Santa shaking his tummy. The
Environment said enough is enough, like a
businessman, but
Now it has started all over, as a life chain does.

Tod Brekke
East Side School, Livingston

My Weird Dream

I was playing Rambo, so when I went to hide I closed my eyes and suddenly I was playing a game of death. You had to try to get the golden sword. Then I started running so fast that nobody could see me. Then I closed my eyes again, and I was in the 1982 Olympic games and I was still running.

I ran into the middle of an Indian village and they were singing the blues. Every Indian had a red, white, blue, brown, and Yellow mohawk. They surrounded me and they were coming closer and closer and closer. Then I heard somebody singing Survivor's "Burning Heart". It was so loud that my body started cracking. My ears popped out and everything else disappeared.

Juan Moncayo
Loy School, Great Falls

Hostages

I remember
it was ironing day
and Mom was ironing
and my sisters and I were
playing seriously in the corner
of the living room with all our
wonderful doll clothes and blankets
in organized piles like Mom's
table dusters and pillow cases
and lacy things in front of
the television which was playing
news.

The pictures
were dark and had
lots of men walking off
a plane in all the
same clothes so they looked alike
as if they had been somewhere
together and had come back to people
who hugged them and knew them
and the boys seemed happy
as they cried with the people who
knew them though I didn't
and Mom cried.

Lori Gould
Laurel High School

The Run

Nako and I talked about the free civilian life.

Then out of nowhere,
helicopters flew
like Army Green Eagles.
Wondering if they notice us-
maybe they told.

He frantically drove
the wet jungle road,
like he did a billion times before.

The blackness hit me like death,
seeing the sun; laying, wondering.

I stood then, fell to my knees-
agitating like paint shakers.

I looked at Nako in awe, we merely
flipped the jeep over and drove off
without talking.

Forrest Miller
Bigfork High School

Do It In Norwegian

When I graduated from high school I joined the Army. I wasn't very excited about leaving my mom and dad and my 11 sisters and brothers, but we wrote back and forth while I was training. When World War II started, I didn't write to them for a long time. They kept writing and I never wrote back because I never had time. Finally they got so worried (and probably mad) they wrote me a nasty letter. So I wrote back in English forgetting that they only spoke and read Norwegian. They thought I was being mean to them so they started holding a grudge against me. Not long after that it was time to go to war, and I was very depressed and scared, but I had to go anyway.

Three years later, I got to go home and I wrote to my parents to ask them to forgive me. I didn't tell them I got wounded. But I knew that I'd be able to do that in person and in Norwegian.

Melissa Braun
Plains Middle School

I Hope I'm Gone Before

My grandpa was in
World War II
My dad was in
Vietnam
I just don't know what
great grandpa was in
I just hope I'm gone before
World War III
cause I won't have to worry
about BANG, BANG shoot 'em up

Robbie Davies
Manhattan School

The Sky Is Too Big

Martha

At that point in my life, I had invested heavily in the stock market. Whenever I saw a good deal, and I did not have the money, my broker would lend it to me. The market had climbed at a fast rate until one cold day in 1929 when I was notified by my brother that the stock market had taken a plunge, I was shocked.

Everything I had owned was at stake and then some. I rushed to my broker only to find people waiting in the street. I ran to grab a copy of the paper. The final blow had actually struck: the stock market had definitely bottomed out. Just then I heard someone screaming and saw my neighbor jump out of his office window. He could not take it. What about me? I could end it all, too. My life's dream - of being a financial success - had come to an end.

When I got home, my wife was white with fear. After learning what had happened, she went to my office only to find it vacant. I took her by the hand and explained what had happened and how everything we owned, the office, the car and the house, would be repossessed by the bank. "I have gambled our lives," I said, "and we lost." I consoled her and let her know that together everything would get better.

That night, I thought and thought. I knew I didn't have much of a chance to find a job in New York City. I thought about moving to the west to a place where the farm life was. The next morning I told my wife what we had to do and we packed up. We were moving to Montana to find honest labor and a better life.

For the next month, we hitched rides and walked across the country. On the way, we found ourselves begging for food and doing odd jobs to earn a place with the animals in the barn. Times were tough. Our clothes were dirty and we were sick and tired. We wanted a good meal and a comfortable bed.

When we reached Miles City, Montana, we slept on the

outskirts of town for the first night. The next morning, we went in to see what we could do to earn a living.

We went through the town only to see the empty floors where prosperous stores once lined the street. Our disappointment heightened when we asked the businesses that were in operation for jobs or just steady meals.

We decided to continue to Missoula because the local talk was that Missoula still had some wealth left. On our way out of town, my wife fainted. As I held her in my arms, I prayed and asked why did this have to happen to her. I saw a house across the road that was empty except for a horse tied to the barn door. I carried her to the front door. As I laid her down, I made sure that her head was cradled in the comfort of my tattered coat. I knocked on the door. After the third knock, I was sure that no one was home. I had to get my wife some food and as I stooped down, a sweet elderly voice said, "Get her inside so we can get some food in her." When I looked behind me, I saw a person in her early sixties with her hands on her hips.

"Oh thank you very much. I didn't know what to do."

"Well, don't stand there, pick her up and help me get her into the house. It looks like you need some food, also. Up with her." I lifted up my wife and walked through the door.

"Put her on the couch. You can help me with the beef after you get a shower and some new clothes."

I went upstairs and washed myself for the first time in over a month. When I went back downstairs, I saw my wife sitting up eating some soup. I went to her and just cried. I did not know what else to do. I held her closer than I had ever held her in my life. I almost lost her. The elderly lady came and helped me put her to sleep on the couch.

"Times are rough now," the old woman said, "and people are dying. I can not bear to see anyone cry like that when I seem to be so well off these days. I have a small farm, and it keeps me going. Incidentally, my name is Martha." We worked for Martha for the next five years until the economy got better and then we took her in with us until the day of her death. Without working for room and board for her, we would not have survived the Depression. From that day on, as I saw the beggars come to the door and ask for food, I could not forget the kindness that Martha had given to us.

We have two fine children, and a garden with which we remember Martha. I suppose that my dream has come true after all.

Scott Richardson
Bigfork High School



(photograph by William Pitt Root) Pamela Uschuk

Reality

You play and play but no one has fun.
The sand is so shallow. Your

arms are free to move. The water
dies down and rays

of old light have shone down
upon you. You block the sun;

the glare is too much.
You try again. Once more.

This one blocks the rays and you like it--
your eyes ease from pain.

But these rays freeze and the sky
goes cold. The water loses warmth and the sand

and water solidly cool. A universe
of light, freezing, day after day.

Alan Dolezal
Ronan High School

Big Sky Story

Once the sky was not so bright,
for the sun peeked between massive skyscrapers.
Today the sky is too big, too blue.
The sun glares freely over
miniature stores and shops.
There is too much space.
The faces of my new classmates
appear more friendly,
but their eyes hold many secrets.
Everyone else takes off their shoes
to walk home.
The dirt road is too rough
for my feet.
The sky is too big.
The air is too clean.

Corbie Culver
Dawson County High School, Gendive

Old Shirley

The first truck I ever drove
As a matter of fact I drove her into a fence.
Of course I was only six.
Then the barn burned
Old Shirley went with it.
I grieved more for that truck
Than for the baby pigs and lambs.

Morgan Kinross-Wright
Sweetgrass County High School, Big Timber

The Most Beautiful Ranch

I look down in the valley
and once again I am amazed at how breathtaking it is
the most beautiful ranch
The purple alfalfa waving in the breeze
Fields of pink cinquefoil bursting in bloom
the snow-capped mountains lining the background
hills surrounding on all four sides
sheep grazing in the fields
little white spots you can hardly see
horses running across the road
cattle grazing in the lush green valley
this is how I remember our ranch
before...the drought came
now it is brown
no snow at all
no rain
fewer cattle
less sheep
it's hot
never cool breezes
top soil gone
no big fields
of beautiful crops
it's gone
how I wish it would all come back

Debbie Holman
Sweetgrass County High School, Big Timber

Poem

The moving star flies across the universe.
Though each star that flies is only a myth,
each star shines a little bit.

A dark lonely barn lies on the green
of God's empty lonely earth.
Although the earth seems empty and lonely, the barn
is its friend through the end.

Each star is like a sign. The universe seems
secret like the barn. When the barn
burns, the earth is lonely in the universe.

Lonnie Abelin
Belgrade High School



Michael Riley

Bull Moose Cabin

25 miles of hard riding
from early that morning
will finally place you in front of a cabin.
It was built back before the turn of the century
Inside the one room cabin
you will see an old cookstove and a bed
made of poles
The place smells of leather, booze, and mice
During the night
you can hear the creek
gushing over and over the rocks
going to lower country
The logs
weathered and cracked
have seen many severe winters
The moose horns
old and white from age
are hanging above the door
Every direction you look
you see mountains looming above you
so high
they seem to be ready to fall
any minute
as you leave
you feel that part of you is still back
in that cold lonely cabin.

David H.
Sweetgrass County High School, Big Timber

Flowers, Road, the City

Red Roses along the river shore
blew back and forth among the rocks
as the sun was going down.

•

In the late summer
I went to see a friend
and passed a few houses.

•

Living in the city people
walk up and down the streets--how time
goes when you live in the city.

Jim Huffine
Ronan High School

Standing on a Hilltop in Early Morning on the Land Where I Hunt

In the distance, I see a calm highway
yet, I only hear the quiet wind.

The bright yellow sun beats down on the
cool, red shale, while an ant frantically
carries a seed to his hole.

The cool breeze is filled with the smell
of fresh sagebrush, dampened by the evening dew.

Chris Hallock
Dawson County High School, Glendive

wi
nt
er
is
li
ke
ma
rs
hm
al
lo
ws

Jolene Standiford
Chester School

A Normal Day in Midland, Texas

The sandy dirt was like a red hot burner on high
The rich people walking around in their mints
The children played like they never did anything else
The shopping malls dotted the town
like stars in the sky on a clear night
The stuffy air stood still as if it were posing for a
picture, only to wiggle a little to get comfortable.
The lizards and hornytoads walked about
as if they owned the land.

Dineen Meidinger
Dawson County High School, Glendive

Water

Water, water, water.
I drink water.
Todd drinks water.
Dustin drinks water.
Rob drinks water.
Keith drinks water.
Ronda drinks water.
Amy drinks water.
Ashley drinks water.
Dee Dee drinks water.
Shawna drinks water.
Brigit drinks water.
Danny drinks water.
Everyone drinks water.
Water is great.
Water is good.
It is cool and cold
in case you're hot
some day after playing
basketball and you want
a drink but not of cruddy
coke or pop this is not
healthy for you. There
is a lot of water on the earth
but too many people use water
to throw garbage in
like big companies.
I would like some water
right now. Wouldn't that be good?
Yes, it would be good.
Gina drinks water.
Amy drinks water.
Stef drinks water.
Craig drinks water.
Bears drink water.
Everyone drinks water.

Cody Seabolt
Washington School, Miles City

It Was Called A Wake

My name is Taco crunch. And I am lots of colors: yellow, brown, green. I'm like a HOT ice cream cone. And as good as one. And my cook's name is Betty and then these rubber gloves come and pick me up and put me on the tray. I see these kids in line. They are like yelping monsters. And this one monster kid comes and picks me up and a big nose comes and smells me and I see this fork come and take a part out of me. I scream and he takes my head off. Then I go down to his stomach as fast as a jet. And I feel sick. My cheese goes away. I see a heart and blood, veins. I know I am dying.

Travis
Washington School, Livingston

Death is a mysterious thing.
When it comes up
it brings you down.

Jaim McPherson
Lincoln School, Great Falls

Cemetery

I lived with my grandparents until I was six years old. My grandmother put me to sleep every night with telling stories about when they were dating, and raising six children. One of the stories that sets with me the most is from the times, when, instead of going to a funeral home when you died, you were brought into the front room of your house and you were laid out and it was called a wake. Everybody stood around and cried over the casket all night long. I think this was the custom in northern Texas.

Once my grandmother was just a little girl and her folks told them to go home. Her older brother told her to take the short cut through the cemetery. Well, she got so scared, and they just got over the barbed wire fence when her brother gave a blood curdling yell and she took off running and left her skirt on the fence. Then jack rabbits jumped up in front of her, and by the time she got home she hid herself in the covers, and wouldn't come out for three days and would not go to the funeral.

Dana Ness
Blue Sky High School, Rudyard

Jake

"We are gathered here on this sad Christmas in honor of the late Jake P. Smith."

The minutes dragged as the voice of the long-faced minister droned on. Mikie sat quietly holding the little wooden man that Jake had carved for him for Christmas. But then, yesterday, the ambulance had come to their house and taken Jake away.

Mommy said he had a stroke, but Mikie didn't know what that meant. Now Mommy was crying.

He shivered in the cold wind and snuggled even closer to her.

He looked around at the small crowd of people standing in the cemetery. Almost all of them were crying. Maybe it was because of the cold, or maybe it was the adult thing to do.

Mikie looked down at the little wooden man with the small pipe. Jake was always joking around and wrestling with his nephews. He had taught Mikie how to swim and play baseball. He also was always there when Mikie was sad, trying to cheer him up. He usually did, too.

His memory drifted back to last year. It seemed like only yesterday that Jake had been over for Christmas. They had eaten a huge meal and Mikie was completely stuffed. Jake started to wrestle with him, but didn't get much of a response. They decided instead to take a walk.

The two of them had gotten dressed and went out to explore the farm. On the way, Mikie decided to see if his sled was still safe in the woodshed. He went to see, and it was. Then he started to look around. His eyes lit up when he saw the paint can lid. He picked it up and began to play with it. It immediately went to his mouth, as everything he touched. The cool feeling of the metal on his lips surprised him. The metal was warm enough that it didn't stick to his moist lips, so he slid his bottom lip up into the groove in the lid. Then he began to look for something else to do with it. He dug into a pile of junk with his lip still in the lid. His big blue eyes lit up again with happiness when he found a rusty old can opener.

He screamed out when the edge of the opener bit into his lip. His eyes clouded with instant fear, and he immediately was quiet. He tried to pull the lid out of his lip, but the can opener had cut the lid and part of the lid had gone into his lip. It was stuck, and Mikie couldn't get it out. He sat down and started to whimper, but not for long. Jake came running in at the sound of Mikie's one scream. Jake's normally happy eyes were terrified. He spotted Mikie, and then saw the lid. The warm happy glow returned to his big blue eyes, and he burst out laughing.

Together, they had gone to the hospital, with Mikie holding the lid so that his lip wouldn't hurt. The doctors had laughed, and by the time they had gotten home, even Mikie was laughing.

The memory faded as the cold wind blew across his face once again.

He thought back to breakfast when he had asked Daddy when Jake was going to come home. Mommy had started to cry and Daddy told him Jake wasn't coming back.

Mikie had worried then. Jake had promised to take him sledding. Now he only wondered why everyone was crying.

"Bow your head," Mommy said as the preacher asked for silent prayer.

Mikie bowed his head, but only for a minute. He peeked around with one eye at the others gathered around. Most were either crying or wiping their eyes, and Mikie softly started to cry. His mother noticed, and held him closer. The cold wind bit at his face as he looked down at his little wooden man, and he wanted to go back home. Back to the warm house with all its presents, and the big meal he knew that they were going to eat. And Jake.

Jody Dow
Outlook High School

He Punched a Giraffe in the Nose?

Funerals are supposed to be sad.
Everybody knows that.
My problem is that I'm not.
I worry that people might hate me
Or think I'm defective
So I intertwine my hands
Like I'm deep in sad thought, while others
sniffled, and blow their noses
in silk linen.

You were courageous, my cousin, God knows.
It must have been frightening
to see blood and flesh in your urine,
the scars and the hospitals, coming
and going, and never knowing
how long you would last.
Still you rode trail bikes,
and fell in love,
even punched a giraffe in the nose!

At your funeral I didn't have to intertwine
my hands because then I knew
we were mourning our loss,
not yours.

Sean Bruin
Bozeman High School



Terri McFerrin Smith

My Life

The trip to America was worse than we had all expected. The storms rocked the boat until all the passengers were sick. My brother was the only one in my family who enjoyed the ride. He was only sick for three of the twelve days.

When we finally arrived in America, we found it to be just like old man Filus had told us. He had been to America a number of times selling and trading small trinkets. He told us that America is a dream land. He was right. When we arrived, the gleaming statue of liberty reached out to welcome us as our ship came into the wooden docks.

My father found a job just outside of town as a farm laborer. He got about ten dollars a week to support a family of four. My mother found a small, rundown apartment which we had to share with another family. It was better than nothing. We lived this way for about eight months.

Dad was offered a job on the railways in Idaho. It was 1924. I was 15 years old and my brother was only 10. With us being old enough to help, we all decided to pack our things and leave.

We took the Northern-Pacific and settled in Grangeville. My brother was sent to a small one-room school with one teacher. After school he would go out and work the small plot of land that we owned. I would stay home and fix up the rusty old shack we lived in, I grew up into a young lady.

In 1928, on my 19th birthday, Jimmy Johnson asked me to marry him. We had been going out for almost a

year. I cared deeply for him so I accepted. The wedding was small; just the two families, and Robert, Jim's best friend. Jim had a rich father and a good job so that enabled us to help support my family. In 1941, when I was 32 years old, Jimmy became ill and died. I felt anger for a time, but soon got over his death part way.

I continued to live with the Johnson family until 1942 when I departed to go to my dying brother. We had always been close, but I didn't realize how much I really cared for him. But now he was slowly being sucked into death by cancer. One day he just didn't wake up.

We all mourned his death and dad buried him behind our house.

After about five years I became fond of another man. His name was William Carter. One night he asked me to marry him. It came as a shock to me because we'd only been dating for a short time. I was 38 and William was 42 when we wed.

We left my family and ventured into Montana. We erected a small house in Trout Creek. In time I bore two children, Thomas and Lucy. They grew up fast. One day I found myself as a 56 year old woman waving goodbye to my only son, Thomas. He was on his way to the University of Montana to become a lawyer. I was 57 when Lucy left to marry a man and moved to Chicago.

Time passed quickly in that small house with my husband. He died of a heart attack in 1984. His death nearly stunned me. I was 83 years old. To this day I still mourn his death. Sometimes I'm forced to cry myself to sleep, but I still feel good about my life and how I've lived it.

Aaron Ausland
Plains Middle School

Index by community, school, and student name

ABSAROKEE

Absarokee High School

Tommy Johnson	62-63
David Royce	9

BELGRADE

Belgrade High School

Lonnie Abelin	65, 77
Paul Beagley	38
Shari Satre	61

BIGFORK

Bigfork High School

Mike Berg	6
Frank Jasper	50
Forrest Miller	72
Tracey Overnek	59
Scott Richardson	74-75
Beth Roberts	41
Pam Sellner	49

Bigfork School

Heather Janke	34
Kelley Robinson	7

BIG SANDY

F.E. Miley School

class collaboration	47
---------------------	----

Warrick School

anonymous	38
-----------	----

BIG TIMBER

Sweetgrass County High School

David H.	78
Debbie Holman	76
Amy Larson	58
Morgan Kinross-Wright	76

Big Timber School

Jannifer Amos	51
Matt Arneson	50
Heather Ellison	7
Mardi Fichtner	62
Clayton Jarrett	8

BILLINGS

Lockwood Intermediate School

Dora Old Elk	32
Pax Routson	25
Mandy	33

BOZEMAN

Bozeman High School

Heather Bienvenue	60
Sean Bruin	84
Tony Gaffke	12
Bryan Leep	59
Pam Miller	59
Alexander Safford	59
Chris Ward	34

Monforton School

Julianne Seitel	48
-----------------	----

CASCADE

Cascade School

Josh Cotton	61
Vic Deshner	38
Jay Pribyl	11
Jennifer	27

CARDWELL

Cardwell School

Mike Sharler	38
class collaboration, grades 3 & 4	

CARTER

Carter School

Adrian Deck	70
Aaron Tracey	17

CHESTER

Chester School

Andy Hall	11
Aaron Hunnewell	40
David Hull	16
Erik Iverson	20
Kalena Kawaiiani Kealoha	17

(continued on next page)

CHESTER (continued)**Chester School (continued)**

Kelci Kulpas	30
Cory Laird	36
Heather Laird	60
Dani Larson	16
Jeremy Seidlitz	40
Jolene Standiford	79
A.J. Stone	22
Daniel Violet	44
Jeremy Webb	11
Jenny Wickum	21
Melissa Wilson	30
Bo Dean Woods	19
Brandon	19
Lucas	43

DEER LODGE**Granville Stuart School**

Mike Brown	60
Jamie Kinney	18

E.F. Duvall Middle School

Kenny Pandrantz	67
anonymous	13

DENTON**Denton School**

Charlene Wallace	13
------------------	----

GLENDIVE**Dawson County High School**

Pat Brown	10
Corbi Culver	76
Chris Hallock	78
Dineen Meidinger	79
Shawn Mills	44
Luke Straus	40
anonymous	44

GREAT FALLS**Great Falls High School**

Derek Stordahl	53-55
Julie Thorndal	23

Lincoln School

Carlene Cobell	34
Jaim McPherson	82
Dale Rowenkamp	43

Loy School

Ben Allen	17
Richie Hiler	60
Juan Moncayo	25, 71
Reggie Reid	24
David Teeter	50

Valley View School

Justin Scheer	26
Chad	27
Eric	66
Justin	58
Trampas	35

HIGHWOOD**Highwood School**

Jess Grossman	66
Mick Hughes	31
Casey McGowan	31
Marty Odden	18

LAUREL**Laurel High School**

Ronnie Gaskill	58
Lori Gould	71
Steve Willis	44
anonymous	70

Fred W. Graff School

Brian Fransen	33
Robert Sloan	33
Dusty Stoll	11
Zack Story	65

South School

Susan Badilla	41
---------------	----

(continued on next page)

Index (continued)

LAUREL (continued)

West School

Melanie Kindsfather	10
Kasey Krum	25
Brian Peter	30
Tim Wagner	26
Chris	27

LIVINGSTON

Park Senior High School

Laree Arthur	66
--------------	----

East Side School

Joy Riley	16
Brian Belderrain	25
Landon Blatter	37
Tod Brekke	43, 71
Heather Francis	43

Washington School

Joe Dickinson	51
Travis	82

B.A. Winans School

Sam Meeks	26
Martinez	37

Livingston Schools

Kenny	38
Steve	65

MANHATTAN

Manhattan School

Paul Baker	35
Robbie Davies	72
Marcy Fenno	32
Mark Fenno	67
Rachel Ronning	12

MILES CITY

Washington School

Camille Carey	26
Jeena Hanley	40
Michelle Miller	41
Cody Seabolt	79

OUTLOOK

Outlook School

Tyler Bucklin	19
Jason Richeson	17
Gene Rippley	17
Dallas Wayne Wirtz	64

Outlook High School

Jody Dow	83
----------	----

PLAINS

Plains High School

Erika Miller	35
--------------	----

Plains Middle School

Aaron Ausland	85
Melissa Braun	72

POPLAR

Poplar Schools

Brian Jones	16
Linda Storkson	46

RONAN

Ronan High School

Nikki Crose	65
Alan Dolezal	75
Kevin Goodan	51
Jim Huffline	78
Dusty Sloan	70
Rowdy Snyder	70

RUDYARD

Blue Sky High School

Darci Jo Jurenka	45
Amy Ness	42
Dana Ness	82
Jeffrey Pester	10

SIMMS

Fort Shaw—Simms School

Eric Askelund	31
---------------	----

SUN RIVER

Sun River School

Mary Odden	30
------------	----

ULM

Ulm School

Jay Smith	18
-----------	----

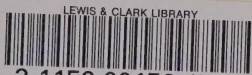
WIBAUX

Wibaux Schools

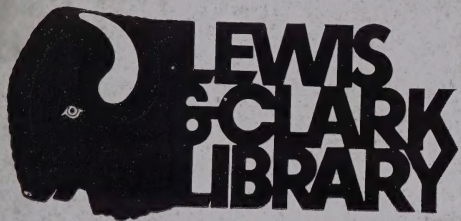
Arron Datta	52
Amy	8
Casey	61
Loren	41

no school listing available

Kelly Weaver	13
--------------	----



3 1159 00156 4589



Lewis & Clark Library
120 S. Last Chance Mall
Helena, Montana 59601



120 S Last Chance Gulch
Helena, MT 59601
www.lclibrary.org

Montana Arts Council

Sue Talbot, Chair, Missoula
James M. Colla, Great Falls
Emily S. Day, Wolf Point
Shirley L. Hanson, Havre
Sonia Hoffmann, Helena
James Kriley, Missoula
Howard Obenhoff, Butte
Randall S. Ogle, Kalispell
Larry Pirnie, Missoula
Janice Snow, Stevensville
Jessica P. Stickney, Miles City
Charles F. Tooley, Billings
Carolyn Valacich, Great Falls
James Whitlock, Hamilton
Patrick Zentz, Laurel

David E. Nelson, Executive Director
Carleen Lassise, Accountant

William B. Pratt, Director of Organizational Services
Kathleen Burt, Director of Information Services
Michael Korn, Director of Folklife Project
Julia Cook, Director of Artists Services
Jo-Anne Mussulman, Secretary to the Council
Christine Torgirson, Communications Coordinator
Jeanine McCarthy, Office Manager
Linda Wetzel, Administrative Aide
Vicky Lidman-Takamori, Administrative Aide

Acknowledgements

Administrators and legislators who help to make this program
and Graphics; Lynn Tumey, Private Secretary; Jim Lubek,
Top Type. Special thanks to the members of the advisory
devote long hours and energy in review of applications from
artists, schools and communities.



3 0864 1007 0658 2

Up on the top floor of Cardwell School
you may find a bat--
or maybe 90 of them--
an old piano played by a ghost,
a flute played by a skeleton,
a violin played by a left-over principal.
You might find some kids
who never graduated
doing an overdue book report
or a spider quartet singing
long-legged octaves,
some flies and mosquitoes
and a one-legged cricket
playing an old Tears for Fears song,
a worm eating a rotten candy bar,
thousands of books being eaten
by hundreds of bookworms
and the Beatles playing "Yesterday"
today.

class collaboration, grades 3 & 4
Cardwell School

Fifteen hundred copies of this book were printed on 70-pound Becket Cambria Linen Finish, Colonial White, using 10 point Helvetica type (set on a Macintosh computer and printed with a Laserwriter printer) at Color World Printers, Bozeman, MT, for a cost of \$2.70 per copy.

